

Zion's Herald.

Published by the Boston Wesleyan Association, for the New England Conferences of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

GILBERT HAVEN, Editor.
E. D. WINSLOW, Agent.

BOSTON, DECEMBER 17, 1868.

{ Established, January, 1823.
{ Volume 45.—No. 51.

Contents of No. LI.

	PAGE.
Editorial Paragraphs	601
ORIGINAL AND SELECTED PAPERS.—Land Ahead (poem), by Mrs. Bishop Thomson; Churches and Cathedrals, by Rev. Prof. Newhall; The Impossibilities of Science, by Rev. Prof. Holton	602
Skipper Ben (poem) by Lucy Larcom; The Age when Wesley arose; Resurrection	603
THE HOME TABLE.—The Prodigal Son (poem); The Moral of a Pair of Stockings; The Blessed Bible; A Little Boy's Prayer; Our Book; Scripture Questions. CORRESPONDENCE.—From Parkopolis	604
OUR BOOK TABLE	605
EDITORIALS.—Our Publishing Board; Torch Bearers; Transfer and Translate	606
Wanted: An American in England	607
The Warrington Testimonial; N. H. State Temperance Convention; Notes; Washington Letter	608
THE METHODIST CHURCH. THE SECULAR WORLD	609
Freedmen's Aid Society. Church Intelligence. Our Social Meeting	610
THE FARM AND GARDEN. THE RIGHTEOUS DEAD. Marriage Deaths; Church Register	611
Commercial; Advertisements	612

GROW.—From this pulpit short sermons are frequently preached to our unconverted brethren. We shall vary our service by addressing an occasional word to the professor of religion. You, too, have duties to perform. One word includes them all—GROW. That necessitates outgrowth as well as upgrowth, a deliverance from besetting sins, as well as a development of new graces. Many Christians stop at the first stage of their faith. They never put away childish things. They never go from milk to meat. They put the shield of a creed or confession before them, and in heart remain unchanged, or changed in but the slightest degree. Were they covetous before conversion? They are so still. Were they passionate? They yet fancy they do well to be angry. Were they foul-mouthed? Grace does not yet sanctify the fruit of the lips. Were they bitter foes of great reforms? They still nourish their hates of the good and the true in social and civil duties with an intensity of devotion. My brethren, these things ought not so to be. God requires of you the signs of the new birth. He orders every Christian to grow in grace. You are his disciples, scholars. That necessitates study and progress in knowledge. You are born from above. That requires of you to seek those things that are above. You are separate from the world; that demands an abandonment of all sinful worldly pleasures. Do you thus move out and up from carnal mindedness to spiritual mindedness? The Pilgrim, whose Progress arrayed in the charms of art has drawn so many thousands to its beholding, is ever set forth in his true estate with eyes uplifted, pressing forward. From the roof of the Palace Beautiful, at the summit hour of his admission into the church, from the Delectable Mountains and the Hill Clear, he sees the land beyond the river. That is all he sees. No visions of worldly wealth, or pomp, or pleasure, are set before his eyes. No handsome house, no spacious grounds, no post of human honor, no delight of earthly eyes entrance his soul. It is the spiritual world that fills his eyes, his heart, his whole being. So should it ever be. If riches increase, set not your heart upon them. Prevent this setting of your heart by making the outflow correspond to the income. If honors thicken their laurels around your brows, they should deepen your humility, and make you aspire the more eagerly for the honors that descend from God. Or if these earthly successes are not yours, as they are not the lot of most Christians, you must not grow in murmuring or repining, as so many are tempted to do, but with the most fortunate grow in the divine graces to their divine consummation. "Add," is the command of God. "Grow in grace." Rise above yourself into His heights. Put on the Lord Jesus Christ, and the very God of peace sanctify you wholly. How blessed this experience. How happy the Christian who finds himself daily more and more the master of himself; who, whatever perfection of faith he has attained, witnesses his growing victory over the infirmities of the flesh, his growing similitude to the character of his Lord and God. May every be-

liever thus work out his salvation. Relieve the church of the reproach that your character may have given it: not by abandoning the church, but the sin. Pull out that right eye of fond desire, cut off that right hand of wrong indulgence. Fear and forsake their possession. Grow up into Christ your living Head in all things, and you shall find your nature even here putting on the fullness of his beauty, strength and joy.

PANTHEISM ON A NEW FIELD.—The use of public halls for free religious services has received a new turn from the action of the Portland authorities, as referred to lately by our correspondent. They granted the Young Men's Christian Association the use of the City Hall for Sunday evening preaching, and then refused the privilege unless they should invite all sects to occupy it in turn. This Buddhistic proposition was very properly declined, and the Pantheists, or Everybody-his-own-god-ists, failed to get the place they craved among the Christian churches. It would have been wise had the Lowell evangelists done likewise. They have arranged to preach at their chief hall on Sunday evenings in conjunction with all other clergymen. The Baptist minister wisely refused to co-operate in the movement. Only harm will come to Christ and soul from such friendship. There is no union of Christ and Belial. Better follow Portland and spurn the bribe. Sinners will think there is no vital distinction in such fraternity, and their souls will pay the penalty of too great charity. But while no such union should be allowed, no such refusals or requisitions as Portland imposes should be endured. Why did they not refuse the Republicans their hall unless these agreed to share it with the Democrats, and vice versa? Why do they not require that every ball party that gathers there shall join with the church, and a prayer meeting shall be held either the same night or a subsequent one? What right have they to thus require any body of citizens who may wish the citizens' hall for their use to employ it only with those against whose influence they alone find it necessary? If they choose to grant it to the Young Men's Christian Association for a certain number of nights, reserving it on other nights for other applicants, they can. But to force them to unite with others whom they most conscientiously disapprove, is wrong and an insult. The Christian people of that city should denounce it from pulpit, press and public hall, and by petitions demand the privilege they have a right to enjoy.

THE PRESIDENT'S LAST REGULAR MESSAGE was so bitter, false and wicked, that the Senate refused to listen to it, and the House to print it, or refer it to the usual Committees. Never was the President thus treated before by Congress, but never was Congress thus insulted by a President. His speech was one unceasing diatribe against all the reconstruction policy of Congress, and urged that the interest on the bonds should be subtracted from them annually, instead of being paid to the holders, and that thereby the nation would honorably pay them all up in sixteen and two thirds years. This is the most novel project of repudiation ever invented. Instead of paying interest on the note you owe your neighbor, deduct that per centum annually from the face of the note, until the whole is squared off. Why not cancel the whole at once? It is the theory of cutting off the dog's tail by inches applied by the President of the American Republic to the American debt. He concludes this abominable proposition with this even more abominable expression:

The lessons of the past admonish the lender that it is not well to be over-anxious in exacting from borrowers a rigid compliance with the letter of the bond.

Such a "money or your life" threat, from such a source, it will be hard to match in the history of the worst of tyrants. Very properly was it refused a hearing and a publication. If it had been endured in silence, as some have advised, it would have been quoted as a quasi endorsement of his positions. Congress and the country will have to endure their criminal and traitorous head for the ninety days yet remaining to his

authority. But great will be the joy of both when an honorable ruler ascends that lofty seat.

THE EMPEROR IN TROUBLE.—Napoleon shot a man in the *Coup d'Etat*, whose soul is marching on to the destruction of the empire. A Democrat named Baudin was shouting from a cart to a sympathizing crowd, on that day when the French nation was being garrotted, "Vive la Constitution! Vive la Republique!" Whereupon the Prince President's soldiers shot him dead. Nearly 20 years has he lain in Mont Martre, and nobody dared to publicly shed a tear. The empire, after the cradle ballad, went "up, up, up." It fought Austria, and freed Italy; it fought Russia, and freed Turkey. It hobbled with "Vie" and "Pam," rebuilt Paris, annexed Nice and Savoy, and did many mighty things. Baudin's ghost couldn't do much. But the empire began to go "down, down, downy." It fought Mexico, and didn't free the Confederacy. It didn't dare to fight Prussia, and free the Rhine to French tax gatherers. It didn't dare to fight Spain, and put its Bourbon adulteress upon her throne, as it had twice fought Italy, and put the scarlet woman on her Babylonish throne. Then Baudin's time was come. People began to throw flowers on his grave, heaps upon heaps, slyly, openly, ostentatiously. A subscription for a monument was started. Papers published it. They were threatened and suppressed. Other papers less radical opened their columns. The virus was spreading. The Emperor was alarmed. He ceased prosecutions, and will probably let Baudin's subscription go on, if he does not let his monument go up, with the inscription, "Sacred to the martyr of liberty and the Republic." His horses are getting too unmanageable. He had better increase his funds in England and America. He can invest in Erie, and find as great and good a field for his skill in managing that institution as he has in governing France with Europe, America, Asia and Africa thrown in, as they all have been, to his *pot pourri*. At any rate, if he does not get hold of Erie, he may have to leave France. Mr. Abbott may have an opportunity of showing him off, and thus increasing the sale of his very novel and impartial life.

BISHOP CLARK, at the anniversary of the Church Extension Society, said that the number of colored members in the four Central South Conferences was only 16,000, against 46,000 whites. This is not more, if it is not less, than they are in the single Conference of South Carolina. It shows how much we have lost in Tennessee, Alabama and Georgia, by not adopting the true policy. Had the work there been carried on as faithfully to the Gospel idea as in South Carolina, our membership of this class would have been a hundred thousand. Our present policy in that section, under the stimulus of *The Western Advocate*, which chiefly of our Northern journals circulates in that region, will be to increase this evil. It mocks at the clear word and will of God in this duty, and encourages the church to continue in her disobedience. Bishop Clinton, and the Zion's Conference, at Chattanooga, feeling this caste influence in our church, opposed union. We are glad to see that no other journal joins *The Western* in those positions. We trust that this otherwise excellent sheet will yet abandon it. But the evil will grow and retard our growth if it is not resisted.

Every Conference, this spring, should resist by solemn resolve all such tendencies, and every journal should oppose their getting possession of the church. Every soul knows it is wrong. Why, then, nurse it? God has awfully punished us for our silence and complicity in respect to its counterpart and inferior. He will as surely punish us for this most inhuman and ungodly prejudice, which we are so sedulously nourishing. Faithfully does *The Charleston Advocate* thus set forth our duty:

Whatever may be the theory or practice of party politics in making distinction on account of the complexion, think the time has come when the Christian church should set its face against caste in all its forms. The colored and white were made by the same Creator, and redeemed by the blood of the same Saviour, and are hoping through grace to dwell finally in the same heaven; why not then unite together in the service of the same God on earth?

LAND AHEAD.

BY MRS. BISHOP THOMPSON.

Land ahead! land ahead!
 Thus I heard a sailor cry,
 When the moon with blushes red,
 Smiled adown the eastern sky,
 And the glad sweet day drew nigh.

Land ahead! land ahead!
 'Twas a joyful sound to me,
 Lying low upon my bed,
 Sick and weary of the sea,
 And the wave's loud minstrelsy.

Weary of the wind's wild roar,
 And the sea-gull's doleful cry;
 Longing ever for the shore,
 Brightening 'neath a cloudless sky,
 And the breeze wandering by.

Longing for the breath of flowers,
 And the song of birds again,
 And the footsteps of the showers,
 Rustling 'mong the fields of grain,
 And the brooklet's merry strain.

Craving for the cooling shade
 Of some forest dim and grand,
 And the touch of grasses, made
 Soft and sweet by Summer's hand,
 Gushing, sighing for the land.

Land ahead! land ahead!
 Louder still I heard the cry;
 Springing up, my couch I fled,
 Heart with rapture beating high,
 Gathering hope from every eye.

Hastening out, I sought the deck,
 'Mong the expectant crowd I stood,
 Gazing on a distant speck,
 Brightening o'er the restless flood,
 Was that meadow, field, and wood?

Or some treacherous mirage fair?
 Smiling on us to deceive,
 Which a passing breath of air,
 Into nothingness would leave,
 Causing us again to grieve.

Swifter sped our ship along,
 Lighter grew each waiting heart,
 Bursts of laughter and of song,
 From full many a lip would start,
 As we watched the mists depart:

Watched them slowly, softly rise,
 And like spirits flit away,
 Leaving for our gladdened eyes
 Mountains, welcoming the day;
 Meadows sweet with new-mown hay.

Field, and forest, rock, and shore,
 Gardens, with their wealth of flowers,
 Meads with lambkins dotted o'er,
 Vine-wreathed porch, and shady bowers,
 Orchards dropping golden showers,

Stately homes 'mid feathery palms,
 Lowlier homes 'mid clustering vines,
 Groves diffusing healing balms,
 Vineyards purpling with their wines,
 Pictured rocks, and glittering mines.

Bathed in morning's roseate light,
 Seeming to our raptured eyes
 Like the dreams of sweet delight,
 Which we have of Paradise,
 And the joy beyond the skies.

With what joy we quit the ship,
 Springing to the grassy shore,
 Smiles enwreathing every lip,
 Hearts with gladness brimming o'er,
 Rocked upon the waves no more.

Land ahead! land ahead!
 O to hear that joyful cry,
 When our skies with clouds are spread,
 And the wild sea rushing by,
 Bears us on its waves to die.

Land ahead! land ahead!
 Echoing sweetly through the gloom,
 Lifting up the drooping head
 From the sea's engulfing tomb,
 To life's loveliness and bloom.

In that land that knows no storm,
 Frowning sky, or gathering mist,
 But the light glows soft, and warm,
 On the walls of amethyst,
 Which by crystal waves are kissed.

Reaching then that radiant shore,
 Safe from life's cold stormy sea,
 We shall then go out no more,
 But, from care and sorrow free,
 Evermore at rest shall be.

San Francisco, July, 1868.

CHURCHES AND CATHEDRALS.

BY PROF. NEWHALL.

The American hardly sets foot upon the old world before he realizes that at home he has never seen a church. As the words "mountain" and "ocean" to one who has always lived upon a broad, flat prairie, so are the words "church" and "cathedral" to the untraveled American. Our white wooden preaching houses, and even our finest city churches, furnish no

standard of measurement for those architectural wonders that ripen into immortal grandeur by the slow and steady growth of centuries. History, romance and religion are the very atmosphere of an old world church, such as only gathers through mellowing ages. The pavements over which paths are deeply trodden to illustrious graves, the mural monuments and sarcophagi from which the dead ever look into the eyes of the living, through which poets yet sing, philosophers teach and saints pray in marble beauty and power; pillar, niche, frieze and cornice, that palpitate with love and hope and fear; the lofty groves of columns and around whose far flowering capitals mouldering battle-flags hang, and along whose dusky vistas a few lost sunbeams stray, that have come down through windows richly stained with the forms of saints and martyrs, as if their faith, hope and love streamed yet from heaven upon the worshiper's soul; the groined and lofty ceiling, all embracing as the heavens, that has gathered the prayers of prostrate multitudes into clouds of heavenly incense for ages; the vast and glorious whole, seeming not to have been wrought out by the hands of artizans, paid for daily toil, but to have grown heavenward from aspiring and loving hearts, each stone steeper in history and fragrant with holy joys and pines, all creates around the soul an atmosphere in which the Past and Present mingle, in which heaven and earth kiss each other.

Often does the pilgrim stand where more creative genius has gone to a bit of mosaic or fresco, a little patch of wall or ceiling than would be expended in a modern city. There are more than twenty churches in Rome, any one of which, if brought to America, would be worth all the art treasures of our continent. The Cathedral of Milan has cost more than all the Methodist Church property in America. For five centuries has this cathedral been lifting tower after tower into the soft sky of Italy, blossoming into marble leaves and flowers, into saintly and angelic forms; and though to the un instructed eye it seems complete, yet a force of more than eighty workmen toil ceaselessly among its forests of turrets and populations of marble at the cost of more than \$30,000 a year; and still, at the present rate of progress, the nineteenth century will not see the artist's ideal complete. The crane has stood for centuries upon the unfinished tower of Cologne. Grass waves, wild flowers bloom, roses root themselves round that old crane, as if they thought that ancient tower to be one of earth's own mountains; and as you gaze down on the gray old pile, the click of a hundred hammers and chisels, the calls of the workmen and the creak of the crane, mingle with the screams of the rooks and the booming clang of the bells around you, while from the pavement, far below, rise with the incense cloud, the chants of the priests and the "amen" of the great congregation. That pile rises towards God with all its towers, like a mighty prayer, a glorious psalm in stone.

Yet these glorious works belong to the Past. The artist of to-day simply copies the model of his mediæval master. Cologne is struggling to tell the world, year by year, as it slowly lifts stone after stone into the heavens, how a mighty master thought and felt six hundred years ago. Mediæval genius and piety spontaneously flowed into these forms of immortal beauty and grandeur, while the artist of to-day is but a cold, passive imitator of the life whose throb he never feels. His chisel does not pray and praise, it only sculps a form for a spirit long since flown.

The church, the cathedral of nineteenth century Protestantism is yet to be reared, is yet to be conceived. A crown is waiting for the artist who can put into stone the truly religious thought and aspiration of our age. Romanism is amply accommodated in the stereotyped copies of Italian basilicas; they do for the Catholic of the fifteenth, and they do it well. Great lecture halls meet all the wants of those who wish to hear unchristian or anti-christian "reform" orations instead of the gospel of Christ. Boston "Theism" is exactly accommodated in a "Music Hall," with its statue of Apollo in the place of the Son of God. But Protestant Christianity has no church in England or America. That religion that lifts the individual soul into the awful Mount, and bids it talk with the Creator face to face; that religion that looks upon Nature and Revelation as the first and second words in which God would speak to every soul of man, and upon Christ as the incarnate Word through whom, as the Supreme High Priest the weakest and foulest child of Adam may enter the holy of holies; this religion, we repeat, has found as yet no voice in architecture. O where is the Christian artist who will do for these waiting millions what a Watts, a Doddridge, a Wesley have done in song, give their throbbing hearts a voice?

The English national church builds middle-age cathedrals in miniature, weak, piping echoes of the grand old anthems that thunder from the towers of York, and Salisbury, and Lincoln. English dissent builds lecture rooms, or Greek temples, and does not essay a church. America imitates the English imitations, echoes the echo. White wooden Parthenons, saddled with bell-towers, everywhere dot our landscape; Quincy granite rudely stammers the thought of Phidias, and Connecticut freestone mumbles out the conceptions that once burst like organ symphonies from the Gothic heart. St. Paul's is a poor, smoke-smooched miniature of St. Peter's; Spurgeon's tabernacle and Beecher's church suggest a Roman amphitheatre or an Italian opera house, rather than a temple of the living God. Our stern Puritan fathers in their fierce recoil from Popish ritualism, built great rectangular pine boxes, in whose sides they cut Grecian doors and windows, then gabled the lid to shed the rain, and hung a bell over it, cold, bare, angular, with their tough, huge, axe-hewn oak timbers, they were typical of the tough grand men who prayed with one hand on the musket. They were drill rooms for the tactics of the Westminster Catechism, and they did their work well; but how many hearts froze to death in those icy shells! The spiritual descendants of the English Cavaliers have reared here and there feeble brown stone imitations of middle-age cathedrals, adapted to the mass with its bells, and candles, and incense, to the stoled procession with its solemn chant and lifted crosses, but not to a service where man, with heart and tongue on fire, pleads with his brother man to be reconciled to God. Not a spark of genius glimmers from the stones of our churches. No brain, no heart, no religion goes into work which is but the servile copy of a copy at the hundredth remove.

The unlettered peasant, and even the lisping child, who tread the worn pavements of St. Marks at Venice, read on the sculptured pillars the great facts of God's revelation; they trace in the mosaics of wall and ceiling the wanderings of patriarchs and prophets, yea, the whole grand march of Providence from the first to the second creation. But our walls are dumb, our ceilings mute as the sepulchre, the atmosphere is dead as the grave.

Why dwell we in these tombs, among dead men's bones? Why give we Romanism a monopoly of art? Why do we refuse to teach truth by brush and chisel because she teaches error? Why should we refuse to give our walls a tongue because her walls speak lies? Why has antichrist monopolized the cross? Many a good man shudders at the sight of the blessed symbol as if it were the graven image forbidden in the second commandment. And why would it be more sinful for our frescoed ceilings to hold above our heads the great and inspiring facts of revelation than to weary our eyes with calico patterns and caricatured leaves and flowers? Are they painted there to afflict our souls as a means of grace?

These are but hints that we hope may fructify in some soul. O for the Christian artist with genius and piety and courage to lead us out of this wilderness; a man who will give Protestant Christianity voice in freestone and marble; a man who will have faith in his heart as well as thought in his brain and skill in his hand; who will make our church walls to be sermons and psalms in wood and stone, preached and sung with an unction and power that shall compel unwilling ears to hear! O, church of Christ, open your arms to the deliverer when he comes!

THE IMPOSSIBILITIES OF SCIENCE.

BY REV. I. F. HOLTON.

It is rash to pronounce anything impossible. It was impossible to cross the ocean by steam, impossible to lay a telegraphic wire under it, impossible to reach the bottom of it, and to pick up a wire from its oozy floor,—too absurd to mention! All that is past.

But there are some things which are "demonstrably impossible." Magnify as you may a thousandth of an inch, you can do nothing with a tenth of a second. One end of it is past before the other begins. A common micrometer is a bit of glass with a hundred lines graven on it with a diamond. They form a ladder a millimeter long; that is, there would be 100,000 steps in 39.37 inches, or almost exactly 2,540 to the inch; but a second is a second, and there is no seeing the whole of it at once. Perhaps its tenths can be measured. We shall see.

In the first place you well know that the impression of an object remains an instant on the eye after the object is past. The spokes of a rapidly revolving wheel seem to form a semi-transparent substance, filling the whole space within the rim. A coal of fire moved rapidly in the dark makes apparently a streak of light,

the length of which is proportioned to the rapidity of the motion.

Now let a bright coal be fixed to the rim of a wheel just 100 inches in circumference, and let it be made to revolve just once a second. If the streak appears to be four inches long, then you know that the impression on the retina lasts four hundredths of a second. There! you have measured, not tenths of a second, but hundredths, with a considerable degree of accuracy.

Now let a spark of electricity be shown on the rim of the wheel once at each revolution, you see that spark does not make a streak a quarter of an inch long. So you see that an electric spark does not shine a four hundredth part of a second. And that small space of time is measured.

But "it is all humbug or guess-work to tell how many times per second a gnat's wing beats the air." Perhaps not. There is an instrument called the *syren*. Twenty jets of air, distributed at exactly equal distances in the circumference of a small circle, strike upon twenty vanes similarly arranged in a wheel above. Twenty slight impressions are made upon the ear as these drive the wheel around. A train of wheels shows how many times the main wheel revolves. Let it turn twelve times a second, and you hear the note next below that called by the Italians middle do, by the Germans middle C. It is made by 240 beats of the air against each of the vanes. (Since this was handed to the printer I have for the first time seen a description and figure of the syren in an American school-book. It is in Rolfe & Gillet's Natural Philosophy, published by Woolworth, Ainsworth & Co.) Let a wheel of twenty teeth revolve at the same rate, and the touch of a quill toothpick draws from it a note of the same pitch, but harsher. Now if the hum of an insect be of that same pitch, we know he moves his wings 240 times in a second.

The vibrations of sound in an organ pipe can be made visible. Put a small, delicate drum in the pipe, but not so as to fill it; introduce a tube from a gas-pipe, and lead the gas from the drum by another to a burner. Light it, and sound the tube. The waves of sound act on the drum; the gas passing through moves in similar waves, and if the pipe be *Middle do* the flame will enlarge and diminish 256 lines in a second; if an octave above, 512 times a second. You don't believe it! I do not blame you, as to the eye no waver is perceptible. But take four mirrors arrayed back to back in a hollow square so as to turn rapidly enough to convert the image of the flame into a continuous streak. You will see that ribbon of light cut into very sharp teeth. If two lights, acted upon by tubes of different pitch, are seen at once the fineness of the teeth in the two images will show the comparative rapidity of vibration in the two sounds.

Again, you would know how long it would take an electric wave to traverse a space of 100 metres. Arrange an insulated wire in a room with two breaks in it and a hundred metres of wire between them, but located in the room one just under the other. Please now to darken the room and send a discharge from a leyden jar through the wire. The two sparks will be seen at once. But view them by the aid of a mirror which revolves at a rate of exactly twenty times a second. If one of the sparks be a thousandth of a second later than the other, the mirror will throw its ray in a different direction, and thus the precise interval can be measured.

Now for just one more "impossibility." Sirius, the dog-star, is one and three eighths millions times as far off as the sun. As light comes from the sun in eight minutes, it must take eleven million minutes to come from Sirius. Who would think of detecting sodium at that distance? It is done by spectral analysis, which has nothing to do with ghosts or spiritualism. The light emitted by intensely-heated sodium is not dispersed by a prism like that of a solar ray, but it is all bent to a certain degree and left there a deep yellow band, or spot. See III in the plate opposite the title-page of Rolfe and Gillet's Natural Philosophy, and also their Handbook of the Stars. That yellow band in that plate can be produced by nothing else than light from sodium. But it is found in the spectrum made by the light of Sirius passing through a prism, therefore there must be sodium in that distant sun.

These specimens of the tricks by which the savant outwits time and space must suffice us. Science is full of achievements that could be satisfactorily demonstrated to be impossibilities. In fact we hardly know what the word impossibility really means.

"If a man faint away," says *Hall's Journal of Health*, "instead of yelling out like a savage, or running to him to lift him up, lay him at full length on his back on the floor, loose the clothing, push the crowd away, so as to allow the air to reach him, and let him alone. Dousing water over a person in a simple fainting fit is barbarity."

SKIPPER BEN.

BY LUCY LARCOM.

Sailing away!
Losing the breath of the shores in May,
Dropping down from the beautiful bay,
Over the sea-slope vast and gray!
And the skipper's eyes with a mist are blind;
For a vision comes on the rising wind
Of a gentle face that he leaves behind,
And a heart that throbs through the fog-bank dim,
Thinking of him.

Far into night
He watches the gleam of the lessening light
Fixed on the dangerous island height,
That bars the harbor he loves from sight.
And he wishes, at dawn, he could tell the tale
Of how they had weathered the southwest gale,
To brighten the cheek that had grown so pale
With a wakeful night among spectres grim,—
Terrors for him.

Yo-heave-yo!
Here's the bank where the fishermen go.
Over the schooner's sides they throw
Tackle and bait to the deeps below.
And Skipper Ben in the water sees,
When its ripples curl to the light land breeze,
Something that stirs like his apple trees;
And two soft eyes that beneath them swim,
Lifted to him.

Hear the wind roar,
And the rain through the slits salls tear and pour;
"Steady! we'll scud by the Cape Ann shore,
Then hark to the Beverly bells once more!"
And each man worked with the will of ten;
While up in the rigging, now and then,
The lightning glared in the face of Ben,
Turned to the black horizon's rim,
Scowling on him.

Into his brain
Burned with the iron of hopeless pain,
Into thoughts that grapple, and eyes that strain,
Pierces the memory, cruel and vain!
Never again shall he walk at ease,
Under his blossoming apple trees,
That whisper and sway to the sunset breeze,
While the soft eyes float where the sea-gulls skim,
Gazing with him.

How they went down.
Never was known in the still old town.
Nobody guessed how the fisherman brown,
With the look of despair that was half a frown,
Faced his fate in the furious night,—
Faced the mad billows with hunger white,
Just within hail of the beacon-light
That shone on a woman sweet and trim,
Waiting for him.

Beverly bells,
Ring to the tide as it ebbs and swells!
His was the anguish a moment tells,—
The passionate sorrow death quickly knells.
But the wearing wash of a life-long woe
Is left for the desolate heart to know,
Whose tides with the dull years come and go,
Till hope drifts dead to its stagnant brim,
Thinking of him.

THE AGE WHEN WESLEY AROSE.

It is difficult, either from the bare facts of history or from disjointed scenes in it, to arrive at any clear idea of the general state of feeling and thought at any special period. It is only, indeed, within recent days that modern history has troubled itself with any endeavor to realize the spiritual fashion and wont of the age it painted. So many things happened—so many battles were fought—so many kings reigned—its audience asked no more. The reigns of the first Georges were occupied with a struggle to establish their dynasty; to set the constitutional government of the country on sure foundations; to settle a great many questions on the Continent, with which England had not very much to do. Such is the record; and a very bare record it is, notwithstanding the depths of individual interest that are contained underneath. But, fortunately, the public mind has nowadays taken to a certain curiosity about how things came about; and there are few subjects which could more call for such a preliminary inquiry than the one on which we are about to enter. Such a figure as John Wesley does not arise in a country without urgent need, or without circumstances that account for most of the angles in it. To consider the apparition by itself, without considering these, is to lose half its significance, as well as to judge unjustly, in all probability, of the chief personage of the narrative—a man not rising vaguely out of society, without any call or necessity, but tragically demanded by a world ready to perish, and born out of the very hopelessness of its need.

The sketches which have preceded this, though attempting on analysis or even description of the period, must have failed altogether of their end if they have not indicated an age singularly devoid not only of religion, but of all spirituality of mind, or reference to things unseen. The noble natural qualities of Queen Caroline, and her high devotion to the view of duty of which her mind was most capable—the patriotism (such as it was) of Walpole—the amazing paternal love of Chesterfield—are all as independent of any religious motive or meaning as if those princely personages had been as heathen in name as they were in reality. The wonderful wifely support and countenance which Caroline steadfastly gave, in spite of all the repugnance of nature, to her faithless and often contemptible husband, gave at the same time an unseemly countenance to vice. Walpole served his country and the devil together, and laughed at the very idea of goodness. Chesterfield, in devotion to one of the most blessed of natural pieties, did not blush to encourage his young son in shameless wickedness. Pope babbled loudly of the vice for which his weak frame incapacitated him, and held his hereditary faith for honor's sake, without the slightest appearance or pretense of any spiritual attachment to it. They had some pagan virtues amid their perpetual flutter of talk and dissipation; one was a good son,

another a good father, a third a most loyal and tender wife; and yet, take them either together or apart, it is clear as daylight that thought of God, or even for religion, was not in them. They were not impious except by moments; but they were godless, earthly, worldly, without consciousness of anything more in heaven or earth than was dreamed of in their philosophy. It was one of the moments in which the world had fallen out of thought of God. Other ages may have been as wicked, but we doubt whether any age had learned so entirely to forget its connection with higher things, or the fact that a soul which did not die—an immortal being akin to other spheres—was within its clay. The good men were inoperative, the bad men were dauntless; the vast crowd between the two, which forms the bulk of humanity, felt no stimulus towards religion, and drowsed in comfortable content. It was the age when the chaplain married my lady's maid, and ate at the second table, and would even lend a hand to carry my lord to bed at night after he had dropped under the table, and turn a deaf ear to the blasphemy with which his speech was adorned. It was the age when delicate young women of the best blood and best manners in the land talked with a coarseness which editors of the nineteenth century can represent only by asterisks, and in which the most polished and dainty verse, Pope's most melodious, correctest couplets, were interspersed with lines which would damn forever and ever any modern poetaster. Personal satire, poor instrument of vengeance which stings without wounding, had such sway as it has never had before in England; but that sense of public honor which prevents open outrage upon decency was not in existence. The public liked the wicked story, and liked the scourge that came after; and laughed, not in its sleeve, but loudly, at blasphemy and indecency and profanity. Even the sentiment of cleanness, purity and honor was lost to the generation. Its soul was good for nothing but to point an oath. The name of God was still used in public documents as giving victories and confounding enemies and such-like; and in private very freely, as the most round syllable to clinch the perpetual curse; but was of no more spiritual significance than the name of George or James, and not half so much external weight. Such was the age: a period of confused fighting, here for Maria Theresa, there for Charles XII., again for the fallen, ever-falling Stuarts; with no principle in the strife, and little good coming out of it to any man or kingdom, except perhaps in the end the Prussian; and, so far as England was concerned, a gradual weaning of the popular mind from any belief or hope in excellence, or power of contrasting the good with the evil. So long as Excise-bills were held aloof, and tranquillity preserved, what did it matter whether light or darkness was uppermost? Indeed, was not darkness the rule, and light, if not painful, at least indifferent, to the eye,—not a matter to any make any fuss about? One of the most hopeless unexalted ages that ever benumbed the faculties of man.

"I have observed the clergy in all the places through which I have traveled," says Bishop Burnet in 1713, "not a hard or difficult judge,—Papists, Lutherans, Calvinists and Dissenters; but of them all, our clergy is much the most remiss in their labors in private and the least severe in their lives." "A due regard to religious persons, places and things has scarce in any age been more wanting," says Atterbury in 1711. Twenty years later the famous Nonconformist Calamy laments the "real decay of serious religion both in the church and out of it." To this country and time, lying in ignorance, in that sneering and insolent profanity which is, of all others, the most hateful condition into which humanity can fall, John Wesley was born—and not a day too soon.—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

RESURRECTION.

To the tomb we must all go. The way hither is "the way of all the earth." David says, "Hear this, all ye people, give ear all the inhabitants of the world, both low and high, rich and poor together; they that trust in their wealth, and boast themselves in the multitude of their riches, none of them can by any means redeem his brother, nor give to God a ransom for him, that he should live forever, and not see corruption." Corruption, each one of Adam's posterity must see. Each one by disease, accident, violence, or the infirmities of age, by protracted sickness, or by a sudden stroke must come to their dying hour, be committed to the tomb, and mouldering in that place of silence and oblivion, mix their dust with their mother earth.

But though we are to "go the way whence we shall not return," this is not our final residence. The sods though closing over us, are to be opened again. Scattered dust is to be reunited and reanimated. The Saviour calls himself "the resurrection and the life." As such, he draws back the veil secreting the future, and exhibits the opening sepulchre, and the rising bodies. "Marvel not at this," was his impressive exclamation, "for the hour is coming in which all that are in their graves shall come forth." As a pledge of the resurrection of others, he passed himself through the regions of the dead, and emerged thence into life. And the almighty fiat, "arise, ye dead," is, in the twinkling of an eye, to penetrate every corner of the globe, which while breaking and trembling as with an earthquake, the prisoners of darkness beneath are to burst their chains, and re-appear.

Never enter a sick room in a state of perspiration, as the moment you become cool your pores absorb. Do not approach contagious diseases with an empty stomach, nor sit between the sick and the fire, because the heat attracts the vapor. Preventives are preferable to pills or powders.

THE HOME TABLE.

CHILDREN'S PREMIUMS.

For \$4 we will send the new magazine for the children, *The Golden Hours*, and *The Zion's Herald*.

For five new subscribers we will send one of A. J. Wilkinson's (No. 2 Washington Street, Boston) *Chest of Tools*, price \$3.

For fourteen new subscribers, at \$2.50 each, one *Chest of Tools*, price \$8.

Or if you will send \$7.50 for three new subscribers for *The Herald*, we will send you *The Riverside Magazine* for a year, with a beautiful chromo as an extra gift. This is the most beautiful American magazine.

THE PRODIGAL SON.

"O, why in folly did I leave
My father's sheltering door?
Would he a wayward son receive,
I'd go to him once more.
He has to spare; at his command
The hireling poor are fed;
I hunger in a stranger's land,
And no man gives me bread.

"In riot waste my all is spent,
And none to succor near;
O, will a parent's heart relent,
If he my pleading hear?
My sins with grief I now deplore,
My eyes with tears are dim;
I'll seek my Father's face once more,
I'll rise and go to him."

Far off, with slow and timid feet,
The Father sees him come;
But touched with pity, runs to meet
And take the wanderer home.

"Make me thy servant, for my place
As son this day must cease,"
He folds him in a close embrace,
And gives the kiss of peace.

"Of all my robes the choicest bring,
Put shoes upon his feet,
And on his finger place a ring,
The fattening kill and eat."
To all his house a feast he gives,
And mirth and joy abound,
For this his son was dead, and lives,
Was lost, and he is found.

Dear Book divine, whose sacred page
These precious truths unfold!
In every land, from age to age,
This story shall be told.
And faith's first prayers be sent above,
As tearful eyes shall scan
The words where God reveals his love
For lost and dying man.

And thus, o'er all who backward turn,
And leave the ways of sin,
The Father's loving heart will yearn,
And haste to take them in.
To all who seek, his pardon give,
While mercies still abound,
For those who, dead in sins, would live,
Who lost, would yet be found.

N. F. C.

THE MORAL OF A PAIR OF STOCKINGS.

The following was written by a distinguished literary lady, Mrs. W. of Troy, N. Y., and sent to a learned judge of New Haven, on the eve of his marriage.—*Washington Republic*.

DEAR COUSIN:—Herewith you will receive a present of a pair of woolen stockings, knit by my own hands; and be assured, dear coz, that my friendship for you is warm as the material, active as the finger-work, and generous as the donation. But I consider this present as peculiarly appropriate on the occasion of your marriage. You will remark, in the first place, that there are two individuals united into one pair, who are to walk side by side, guarding against coldness, and giving comfort as long as they last. The thread of their texture is mixed, and so, alas! is the thread of life. In these, however, the white is made to predominate, expressing my desire and confidence that thus it will be with the color of your existence. No black is used, for I believe your lives will be wholly free from the black passions of wrath and jealousy. The darkest color here is blue, which is excellent when we do not make it too blue. Other appropriate thoughts arise in my mind regarding these stockings.

The most indifferent subjects, when viewed by the mind in a suitable frame, may furnish instructive inferences, as saith the poet:

"The iron dogs, the fuel and tongs,
The bellows that have leathern lungs;
The firewood, ashes, and the smoke,
Do all to righteousness provoke."

But to the subject. You will perceive that the tops of the stockings (by which I suppose courtship to be represented) are seamed, and by means of seaming are drawn into a snarl; but afterwards comes a time when the whole is made plain, and continues so to the end, and final toting off. By this I wish to take occasion to congratulate yourself that you are now through with seaming, and have come to plain reality.

Again, as the whole of these comely stockings was not made at once, but by the addition of one little stitch after another, put in with skill and discretion, until the whole presents the fair and equal piece of work which you see, so life does not consist of one great action, but millions of little ones combined; and so may it be with your lives. No stitch dropped when duties are to be performed; no widening made where bad principles are to be reformed, or economy to be preserved; neither seaming nor narrowing where truth and generosity are in question.

Thus, every stitch of life made right and set in the right place, none either too large or too small, too tight or too loose; thus you may keep on your smooth and even course, making existence one fair and consistent piece, until, together, having passed the heel, you come to the very toe of life, and here in the final narrowing off and dropping off the evil of this emblematical pair of companions and comforting associates, nothing appears but white, the token of innocence and peace, of purity and light. May you, like these stockings, the final stitch being dropped, and the work completed, go together from the place where you were formed, to a happier state of existence, a present from earth to heaven. Hoping that these stockings and admonitions may meet a civil reception, I remain in the true-blue friendship, seemly, yet without seeming,

YOURS, FROM TOP TO TOE.

THE BLESSED BIBLE.

In Scotland, during the times of bloody persecution, when the soldiers were marching about the country, driving people from their homes, burning their houses, and putting many godly people to death, a pious father told his family that there were soldiers near, and they must hasten to the next village, where there was a strong old church the fugitives could use as a fort. So he told Jeanie to take the big Bible for her load, and that she must be very careful not to let it get wet, or lose it by the way: "For we could not live," said he, "without the good book." So she wrapped a gown around the Bible, and started with her father and mother, each of whom carried a child.

They had to cross a brook, but they did not dare to go by the bridge, lest they should be captured by the enemy. There was a place where they thought they could cross on some stepping stones, but on reaching the place it had become quite dark. So Jeanie's father waded across and carried the others one by one, until she was left quite alone. Jeanie was much afraid to be left there by herself, so she started to cross after her father, stepping carefully from stone to stone. But presently her foot slipped and down she went to the bottom. At the same time up went her arms, holding the precious burden over her head. The water came up to her waist, but, bracing herself firmly against the rapid current, she walked bravely on across the stream, and had nearly reached the shore, with her dear old book lifted as high as she could raise it, when she met her father returning to bring her.

"Father," she cried, "you told me to take care of the dear old Bible, and I have done so."

Just as she said this, they heard several pistol shots and the sound of approaching horsemen. They soon hid themselves in a little cleft of the rocks, and were not discovered.

Jeanie married in after years, and now has great-grandchildren living. The old Bible became her's after her father's death, and in it were written the names of her seven children. It is still in very good condition, in the possession of her descendants. Jeanie never forgot that dreadful night when she carried the old Bible through the deep waters, and when she was dying she seemed to be dreaming of it, and said—

"I am in the deep river—in the deep river, but I'll hold up the dear old Bible! There, take the book!" and she ceased to breathe.

The brave girl wading through the waters and holding up the Bible is like the Christian church marching through rivers of persecution and streams of blood, ever holding up the word of God, that it might be safely kept and handed down to generations following.—*Children's Friend*.

A LITTLE BOY'S PRAYER.

More than thirty years ago, a godly minister, illustrating the efficacy of prayer, related the case of a little boy with a sore hand which had become so bad that the physician decided it must be amputated to save the boy's life. The day was fixed for the operation. On hearing this, the little boy went to a retired spot in the garden, fell on his knees, and begged God for Jesus' sake, to save his poor hand. The next day the physician came and examined the hand, when, to the astonishment of all, it was found to be so much better that amputation was unnecessary. The hand got quite well again, the little boy grew up to be a man, "and," continued the minister, holding up his right hand, "this hand can now be shown to you as a proof that God does indeed answer prayer."

OUR ROCK.

Near the head of Goat Island, and separated by narrow channels of the "rushing rapids," are three small islands called "The Sisters." Until recently they have remained in their natural wildness, untrod by the foot of man, yet often coveted as a point of

outlook upon the wild waste of waters beyond. Now they are rendered accessible to the visitor by a series of light and graceful iron bridges, and add not a little to the attractions of the Falls.

The point of culminating interest is the third or outermost island. Rising just above the encircling rapids, the greater portion of its surface is covered with a somewhat stunted growth of trees and shrubs, which form natural arbors of great quietness and beauty. Seated here, not long since, upon a rustic bench, with a friend, we realized as never before the force of the metaphor of Christ Jesus the Rock. On either hand and in close proximity was the conflict of the rushing, whelming floods, threatening instant destruction to all within their power, and by sight and sound almost appalling. But here we were safe—perfectly, consciously safe—on the rock. Mosses, ferns, and flowers grew in quietness at our feet, and above us spread the sheltering branches of evergreens clinging to the rock. Here were peace, security, repose amid surrounding turbulence and war of the elements.

Such, we thought and felt, is Jesus Christ—among the mighty and dangerous currents of the world's life, our Rock.—*Pittsburg Advocate*.

SCRIPTURE QUESTIONS, No. 5.

1. Where in the Old Testament is the Golden Rule?
2. Were the Hebrews or Jews allowed to cut their beard (except on extraordinary occasions)?
3. What feast did the Jews hold in the seventh month?
4. On which side of the Tabernacle did Moses and Aaron always camp in the wilderness?
5. What was the burden of the Kohathites?
6. Who were commanded to shave all their flesh?
7. What was Joshua's original name?
8. With what were the ministers (priests) of the Jews paid?

Answers to Scripture Questions, No. 3.

- | | |
|--------------------|-------------------|
| 1. Exodus xxii. 8. | 5. Lev. xi. 10. |
| 2. Ex. xxvii. 4. | 6. Lev. x. 3. |
| 3. Ex. xxxix. 20. | 7. Lev. xvii. 11. |
| 4. Ex. xxxi. 3-11. | 8. Lev. xix. 18. |

CORRESPONDENCE.

FROM PORKOPOLIS.

BRISTLES.

The season of killing to dress—not "dressing to kill"—is upon us again, when the supply of "bristles" is supposed to be fully equal to the demand. All day long, and sometimes into the night, huge battalions of grunting, squealing quadrupeds crowd their way along our streets towards the places fitted up for their reception; and on their comfortable way they are met by other huge battalions, immense ambulance loads of them, thoroughly eviscerated, with their arms and legs, so stark and stiff, thrown up into the crisp autumnal air as an acknowledgment of their defeat in the great battle of life. But the process of killing and dressing is after all a lively business, proceeding as it does in some establishments at the rate of one hundred an hour,—going in so many complaining, dirty pigs, and coming out so many handsomely dressed, uncomplaining porkers!

TWO SAD TELEGRAMS.

Upon a commercial man, or a metropolitan newspaper editor, who has much to do daily with the "wires," a telegram has nothing of that startling effect which it produces upon a man of slow and quiet correspondence whose home, for the time, is hundreds of miles from his relatives and all his earlier friendships. I enjoy the advent of a "penny-post" to my door, with his daily budget of missives from abroad, for he rarely brings any other than the happiest tidings;—but of late I have acquired a hitherto-unspoken dread of the telegraph messenger with his autograph book and pencil.

THE FIRST.

The other day—since I last wrote you—my door-bell rung violently, and in a moment the housemaid brought me a dispatch. My heart came into my throat before I had broken the seal of the envelop, and it pretty nearly choked me when I read the brief announcement: "Henry died this morning;" for this Henry was my personal friend, a young man of energy and promise, a graduate of Harvard, with much to live for, not only in the prosecution of cherished plans of usefulness, but in the interest of a loving wife and a beautiful child, as well as for the happiness of a large circle of relatives and friends. I had met him only a little time before at his home in an eastern city, and though then able to attend to his daily duties, he consulted me with reference to spending the coming winter in the tropics. Poor fellow, he went suddenly; but we trust it was to that better than any tropical land, that land where the sun shall not smite by day nor the moon by night, and where the inhabitant shall no more say, "I am sick."

THE SECOND.

The door-bell had hardly ceased to vibrate from this sad announcement when it was put in furious motion again by the same messenger with another telegram, telling us that a loved and loving sister had just died very suddenly, bequeathing to her husband and the home circle as a last and costly legacy two beautiful twin babes. Naturally timid of death, but graciously trustful of the divine mercy, she had closed her eyes silently upon all that was dear to her on earth, and had gone to be with Christ, which was far better. I need not say what effect this message had upon the household, but since that afternoon I dread to see a telegram.

A BRAVE EDITOR AND TIMID ECCLESIASTICE.

An intelligent westerner is just giving to the world some interesting "personal recollections" of this town, and some of its prominent citizens of more than thirty years ago. Among them is a "recollection" of the late CHARLES HAMMOND, (let his name be put in capitals), confessed to be in his time "the ablest editor west of the Alleghenies," and his view of the Methodist law-makers of that day.

One writer says that the commerce of this city at that time

was "slave State commerce," and that "avarice, ambition and hate of the negro together formed a stream of popular sentiment which, to one who dared to ask justice for a man whose skin was black, was a perfect Niagara river above the falls." Let us see how Charles Hammond navigated his craft (*The Gazette*) in these waters.

"The Methodist General Conference, then, as since, represented the popular religion of this country, especially in the West. This august body met in this city, in May, 1836, and on the 27th day of that month, when two of their number had attended and spoken at an Abolition meeting, they passed the following resolution, by ayes, 120; nays, 14:

"Resolved, By the delegates of the Annual Conference in General Conference assembled, that they are decidedly opposed to modern Abolitionism, and wholly disclaim any right, wish, or inclination to interfere in the civil and political relation between master and slave, as it exists in the slaveholding States in this Union."

"By the way, no interference had then been talked or thought of by the Abolitionists, with perhaps some few exceptions, but the moral interference of prayer and argument.

"The above, with more action to the same effect, may be found in *The Daily Gazette* of May 27th, 1836, with the following comment by Mr. Hammond:

"What strange revolutions of feeling and sentiment are produced in which just principles bear so part! If at the General Conference of 1836 it could have been suggested that such a proceeding could have been had at the General Conference of 1836, every member would have indignantly exclaimed: 'Are we dogs that we should do this thing?'"—*Ed. Gazette.*

"The sublimity of that single utterance of Charles Hammond far transcends that of Luther at Worms. Luther had his backers, but Mr. Hammond stood alone. His own family, whom he tenderly loved, his friends, the owners of the very paper he wrote on and the sheet he edited, were against him. But he saw in the future what we have seen in act: popular government, American liberty, the hope and shelter of all the liberty on earth, seized by the throat, and the attempt made to strangle her to death; and, like Paul of old, 'immediately he conferred not with flesh and blood.' If the Republicans have not yet erected a monument to the memory of Charles Hammond, a great duty to their principles remains to be done."

When the monument here referred to shall be constructed, would it not be in the line of poetic justice for the General Conference of that day to atone for this sin of their predecessors of '36 by making a handsome contribution towards it? And while we deprecate the bat-eyed timidity of the fathers, would it not be wise for us to guard ourselves against the possibility of being charged in the future with having had eyes but seeing not?

A FAVORABLE RESPONSE.

THE HERALD of two or three numbers back, in a catechetical controversy with *The Western* of this city, asks, "If Trinity, Morris and Union chapels will give a black brother courteous treatment?" In answer, let me give you the result of my own observation. Sitting in one of these very churches the other day, and observing a colored man enter the door, I was curious to see what treatment he would receive, as it is rather an uncommon thing here for black and white to worship in company. On his entrance he was shown to an eligible seat by the gentlemanly usher, and when the congregation arose to sing, one of the stewards of the society—an intelligent and traveled young Irishman—stepped up to the stranger and shared with him one side of his hymn-book during the service of song. Would the Master have done otherwise?

MOVING INTO THE HIGHWAY OF TRADE.

Our Western Book Agents, have just purchased an elegant new building on Fourth Street,—the Washington Street of Cincinnati—to be used by them as salesrooms and offices for our "Book Concern." The movement is endorsed by all men of business whom I have heard refer to it. How long will the New York Concern occupy that unwholesome alley in the rear of Broadway?

A BOSTON BOOK FOR THE WHOLE COUNTRY.

Have you seen Dr. A. J. Bellows' new volume? "How not to be Sick? His 'Philosophy of Eating' was for the most part good philosophy, and this new work is no doubt the same. I have had some experience and a good deal of observation of the value of many of his suggestions. Some of his thoughts would be profitable meditations for more than one preachers' meeting that I wot of, and the members care to secure the greatest amount of working power with the least expenditure of constitutional vitality. Americans of all classes would do well to 'read, learn, and inwardly digest' the Doctor's thoughts on 'Prevention and cure of Consumption.' 'Vigilance the price of health,' and 'Leanness, its cause and cure.' This new book is more of a Boston 'notion' than a 'Porkopolis' 'bristle,' but I cannot refrain from calling the attention of HERALD readers to it. And so, adieu.

OUR BOOK TABLE.

HOLIDAY BOOKS.—We have noted several fine issues of the season: Longfellow's "Hyperion," superbly illustrated with photographs of Rhineland, Dickens' "Carol," Tennyson's "Locksley Hall," and Holland's "Kathrina."

GRAY'S FLEGG, Appleton & Co., Boston, H. A. Brown & Co., joins the list. This is a new edition of Birket Foster's illustrations of that exquisite poem. As long as death reigns, this elegy will reign. It puts the common lot into uncommon verse. It is as dignified, solemn and natural as the prayer book or the Bible. Not recherche like *Lycidas* and *In Memoriam*, it is an epitaph rather than a poem, fit for the graveyard more than for the study. This edition is the finest in America, and though frequent issues have taken a little of the edge from the engravings, they are still attractive. The price is moderate, and whoever receives this gift will prize it through life.

BOOK OF PRAISE, by Roundell Palmer.

GOLDEN TREASURY, by Francis Tyner Palgrave.

Sever & Francis have done well in opening a store in Bromfield Street for the sale of their beautiful editions of beautiful classics. The above are the first two of their series, and in many respects the best two. They are very choice collec-

tions of very choice, verse, sacred and social. Whoever gives or gets one or both of them in the holidays will be thankful for his own and his friend's taste. Remember these admirable bijous of books that will be books forever.

WOODSIDE AND SEASIDE, illustrated by pen and pencil (D. Appleton & Co.), is in some respects the prettiest gift book of the season. Its selections of poetry are from the best pens—Herrick, Bryant, Blake, Shelly, Tennyson, Wordsworth, etc.—and its pictures from the best pencils, Foster, Dalziel, Wier and others. It opens with Beaumont's and Fletcher's invocation to Pan, which is a good way above modern Pantheism, because it aims at a much lower mark. The pictures are of that ever fascinating class, the summer woods and streams and shores. It will give its possessor summer all the year in its rare rhymes and pencilings.

A COMPLETE GRAMMAR OF THE GERMAN LANGUAGE, by James A. Worman, A.M. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co. This work is after the plan of "Gaspary's English Conversation Grammar," and appears to be one of the best helps to the German yet published. The type is large and clear, and a convenient vocabulary is at the end of the book.

LIFE SCENES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT, with maps and illustrations, by Rev. Geo. Jones, Philadelphia, J. C. Garrigue & Co. Inspiration and Water might characterize this effusion. The water is sweet, and mixes well with the inspiration, making a palatable beverage for every thirsty soul. It is an experiment rarely successful,—the attempts so common now-days of putting the Bible stories into common prose. Beecher and Renan the chiefs of the opposite schools and men of rare genius will both make lamentable failures in the operation. Mr. Jones has given the Old Testament places a thorough study. He locates his characters in their natural situations and puts in them appropriate reflections. His series include the lives of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, and the history of the Israelites to the death of Moses. Some of his essays are of superior value, as, for instance, "How are alphabets made." Others are of superior platitude, as when he tells the story of Joseph, the most perfect tale in all literature, and "spreads himself" over its incidents, even to putting into capitals the very unheard of remark in this shape: THE CUT WAS FOUND IN BENJAMIN'S SACK.

A number of moderate wood engravings are scattered through the work, one of which, that of Mount Sinai, it says "is copied carefully from a photograph, the monastery being omitted." Why that should be omitted we are not informed. Superior to many of our Sabbath School books, in that it is true, it will yet be far from occupying any high or permanent position in the field of sacred literature.

It is an easy step from this octavo to the mass of children's books that the holidays pour in upon us. Our more lasting works must give way this week to the holiday department of letters. Of these we can give but little more than a dictionary definition, and of some of them we shall hardly be able to do even as little as that. Lee & Shepard send us as usual the most animated American stories. Rev. Elijah Kellogg in his *Elm Island* series puts a coast life by the side of the Pine Clearings in his *CHARLIE BELL* as a companion to *Lion Ben*. Boys will be delighted and profited, not the least the boys of Maine, and all along shore, with his rugged, faithful portraits of child country life in Yankee land, in times following the Revolution. **PATIENCE HATHAWAY**, (Henry Hoyt), is the last work by the author of *Culm Cove*, the most popular Sabbath School book of the day. This illustrates the power of grace in making a despised and abused lady the favorite of the village, through her ornaments of a meek and quiet spirit and of good works. It is a profitable story. **SPECTACLES FOR YOUNG EYES**, New York, (Sheldon & Co.), puts the American metropolis by the side of those previously described, Pekin, Rome, Boston, Berlin, Moscow, St. Petersburg and Zurich. It is a true and lively description, and is far superior to the mere story, in its instructive details. Put the whole series in your libraries. Children will be pleased and edified by them. **THE GOVERNOR'S PARDON**, JACK ABERCROMBIE (A. J. Graves, Boston). The first professes to be a recital of facts that happened in the lives of criminals. It is of the Jack Shepherd sort in interest, and of a better sort in morals. The other is one of the common kind of stories, a poor boy being adopted by a rich family. **LITTLE LOU'S SAYINGS AND DOINGS**, (Hurd & Houghton), is a handsome quarto reprinted from *The Riverside Magazine*. It abounds in bright little things of a bright little boy, and will be a delightful gift to the six-year and eight-year-old tottlers. Its pictures are exceedingly attractive. **J. P. Shelly & Co., Philadelphia**, send four little books, **MARY MORNE**, **PATY BAILEY**, **GRETCHEN'S TROUBLES**, and **LILEY'S LOOKING GLASS**. "Gretchen's Troubles" is a pretty story of peasant life in Germany. The others are of the usual sort of children's literature.

Superior in matter and manner are **M. W. Dodd's PAUL AND MARGARET**, an excellent temperance story, and **GENEVA'S SHIELD**, or Early Reformation incidents in Switzerland. Both are among the best of Sunday School library books. **THE ORPHAN'S TRIUMPH**, (same house), is a pretty story of how a bad child became good through the renewing grace of God and the culture of affliction. **YOU SING**, (Presbyterian Board of Publication), is a true little story of the Chinaman in California, and how he became converted. It is a good encouragement to those who fear the invasion of our Asiatic brethren to labor for their salvation. **THE CHILDREN'S ALBUM**, (H. A. Brown & Co.), is a thick London book full of pictures and paragraphs, just suited for eight-year-old eyes. **THERESE'S JOURNAL**, (American Sabbath School Union), is a delightful story by Madame Pressense, full of delicate French touches of sentiment and piety. Be sure and put this on your Sabbath School list. Of superior book craft are **Roberts & Brothers**, two contributions to the Christmas trees. **THE LITTLE GIPSEY AND VOYAGE ROUND THE WORLD**. Both are translations from the French, and are admirably illustrated. No child's works of the season are so brilliantly pictured. Like their three little books, *Foolish Joe*, *Boasting Hector* and *Mischievous John*, they are illustrated by Frobbie, in the best

style of European art. "Round the World," is a parcel of youngsters who had got a few rods from home and fancied themselves on Crusoe's Island. The cow became a lion, the eel a boa-constrictor, and an artist sketching, Juan Fernandez or a savage. The incidents and illustrations are ridiculously rich. No books will better please the children than these.

HOME STORIES, by Cousin Alice, (Appleton), is a contribution from a long departed hand, Alice B. Haven's, and possessing her usual traits of piety, cheerfulness and good common sense. Higher still, and of real value are Miss Yonge's

LANDMARKS OF ANCIENT, MEDIEVAL AND MODERN HISTORY, (Leypoldt & Holt). They put the whole life of the race into three small volumes. A pinch of dust is all this cemetery allows its biggest characters. They are suitable for the school-room as well as the library. They will improve the children far more than the fictitious moralisms with which they are deluged. Of no less value is Mrs. Tenny's series of **PICTURES AND STORIES OF ANIMALS**, six volumes, (Sheldon & Co.) Prof. Tenny has found a helpmeet for him. His wife possesses all his zeal, and has done most excellent service to childhood in this very instructive series. **Fishes, Birds, Quadrupeds, Insects, Shells and Corals** have each a volume. They tell the story of creation in language every youth can understand and enjoy. Older persons, all persons not trained in natural history, will find this series of interest and value. With Miss Yonge's histories of man, they should find a place in every youth's library. Of a yet higher order as a young man's book, is **FROM SEVENTEEN TO THIRTY**, by T. Binney (Carlton & Lanahan). This is the life of Joseph bearing on the fashion of Life Scenes, but with its most practical bearings on the young men of to-day, especially those who come to large cities from the country. But as large cities are now going into the country, everywhere growing up, the book is useful for every young man. If followed, it will make them wise unto salvation. Give it to your growing up son or brother.

A THOUSAND MILES WALK IN SOUTH AMERICA, by Nathaniel H. Bishop, (Lee & Shepard), is worth a thousand of Weston's thousand miles walks; for this lad of seventeen did his tramping to some purpose. Not to show that he could use his legs but his eyes, not to be stared at, but to stare at intelligently all things; such was this pedestrian. He left Boston when seventeen years old and walked across South America from the La Plata to Chili, without knowing a word of the language, and with but a very few dollars in his pocket. He made studies in natural history that received the commendation of professors in that science. Every young man should read this more than Juan Fernandez, or Bayard Taylor enterprise. It is a stimulus to use his own legs and eyes to their best advantage.

Ladies' Repository concludes the year with two admirable pictures, and many choice articles. It promises lots of good things for the year to come, more engravings, steel and wood, and a good array of writers and writings. This is by far the best Lady's Magazine published in America or anywhere else. Godey, Peterson and such, are far below it.

Among its pictures for the coming volume, is the celebrated *Crown of New England*, by Geo. L. Brown. It is admirably engraved by Mr. Smith, of Boston. An artist proof before us brings out the painting in all its perfection except its color. Prang will do the latter in his chromo. Send J. P. Magee your subscriptions.

Among the numerous periodicals for young people there is no one superior to the *Youth's Companion*, published by Perry, Mason and Co., of Boston, and edited with distinguished ability and generosity by Mr. D. S. Ford, one of the ablest newspaper men in this country. When Mr. Ford bought this paper, less than six years since, its sands of life had almost run out; but from the moment he took the reins, it gained new blood and spirit with every step. It has now about 50,000 subscribers, an increase we believe wholly unparalleled in the history of old papers; for it is easier to get a circulation of 50,000 for a new journal than to bring a dying periodical to life again at that rate. Mr. Ford's generosity has had much to do with his success; for the publisher who pays well and pays promptly can always command the best talent. This Mr. Ford has secured to an eminent degree. *The Youth's Companion* is to be enlarged on the first of January. It is already the best and oldest weekly for young folks in America.

If you want to find the largest and best selection of children's books for the holidays, go to H. A. Brown & Co., No. 2 School Street, over Dutton's, Washington Street. He has all the foreign and American beauties in their abundance and perfection. His stock has charms also for all eyes, ages and purses.

Publications Received since our Last.

From Gould & Lincoln—Seeds and Sheaves, Thompson; Glimpses of Christ, Laurie.
From E. P. Dutton & Co.—Adventures in the Apache Country, Browne, Harpers; Wild Life Under the Equator, Du Chailu.
From Roberts Brothers—Miss Lily's Voyage Round the World.
From National Temperance Society—Philip Eckers' Struggles and Triumphs; The Broken Rock.
From Lee & Shepard—Rosamond Dayton, Mrs. H. C. Gardner; Charlie Bell, Kellogg; Gloverston.
From Woodman & Hammett—German Grammar, Worman.
From Nichols & Noyes—Isaiah, with Notes, Cowles, Appleton; Newton Foster, Maryait.
From Carlton & Lanahan—The Garden of Sorrows, Atkinson; Religion and the Reign of Terror.
From H. A. Young—Water Lily Stories, 12 vols.
From Soule, Crosby & Co.—The Book of Praise, Roundell Palmer; The Golden Treasury.
From Nichols & Noyes—Woodside and Seaside Resources of the Pacific Slope.
From A. F. Graves—Gretchen's Troubles, Engelbach, Ekelly & Co.; Lily's Looking Glass, Boyd, Ekelly & Co.
From Hitchcock & Walden—Through the Dark to the Day, Willing; Golden Hours.
From W. Flint—Popular Commentary.
From Woolworth, Ainsworth & Co.—The Woodland Series.
From Appleton & Co.—Sermons on the Failure of Protestantism, Ever.
The Monthly (Unitarian) Journal; Atlantic Monthly; Our Young Folks; Every Saturday; Sunday School Journal; Man, a Lecture by Rev. T. Cooper; Have we Misrepresented Orthodoxy? Lower; Putnam's Monthly; Galaxy; The Radical.

MR. EDITOR:—Having observed several statements in a recent number of your paper, bearing on the "New Version,"

which seem to me liable to do injustice both to the revisors and to the cause of truth, I beg the privilege of calling your attention to a few facts, which, if properly considered, will exonerate that noble band of men who are now engaged in revising the Scriptures, from the charge of willful misrepresentation.

It is well known that the word "baptizo" is not translated in the common English version at all; while all the other words ever used to denote the different modes of applying water are rendered by some corresponding English word, thus leaving us to the inevitable conclusion that God had some idea concerning the application of water in baptism, which cannot be expressed in English, or that the translators of the common version were aware that the word "immerse" was the proper word by which to express it, and were unwilling to use it.

2. There were two ceremonies of purification in vogue among the Pharisees, one or the other of which was invariably practised before each meal. The first was the *Tabal*, from the Hebrew word "Tabal" to immerse. This ceremony was observed in those cases where an individual had exposed himself in the market-place, or elsewhere in any place where he would be likely to contract ceremonial impurity. This ceremony was performed by dipping or plunging the person or object or part exposed, into water. This is the rite referred to in Mark vii. 4, Luke xi. 38, and is invariably designated by the word *Baptizo* in the New Testament, the same as the ordinance of baptism is.

The other ceremony was called the *Natal*, from the Hebrew word "Natal," to wash; and is designated in the New Testament by the Greek word "Nipto," to wash. This rite was performed by pouring water on the hands, and then holding them up so that the water might run down to the elbows, and then lowering them, to allow it to flow down and pass off at the ends of the fingers. This ceremony was practised by persons who had not left their dwellings to expose themselves to anything especially defiling, and is referred to in Mark vii. 3, and elsewhere. And on the supposition that the translators of the New Version wished to be true to the original, and show the reader the difference between the two ceremonies, it is difficult to see how they could have rendered the words differently. And if we bear in mind the fact that the Holy Spirit filled the place where the disciples were sitting, and overwhelmed them so that people thought they were drunk; and that the Israelites were hedged in on both sides by the sea, and enveloped in a cloud when they passed through the sea, and were thus, figuratively speaking, immersed, we shall be able to exonerate the translators from the charge of perverting the Scriptures in the interests of immersion. It must be borne in mind that we have able Methodists on the board of revision, as well as Baptists. And if their work is to be set aside, it must be by able and more reliable arguments than those issued under the head of "Spiritual Hydropathy."

For a more perfect view of the ceremonies referred to, see *Biblical Archaeology*, by Jahn, sec. 329, p. 405; *Talmud*, of Babylon, Aboda Tard., p. 11-17; *Sota*, p. 4-2; Also, *Berachoth*, p. 46-2; *Talmith*, p. 40-2. Compare with 15-1, sq. Also, *Buxtorf's Chaldaic Talmudic and Rabbinic Lexicon*, Col. 1335 and 849.

The half-a-column statement of the absurdities involved in the constant translation of "baptizo" by immerse, seems to have done uncommon execution. We shall have to ask that marksman to aim his rifle at other errors that may be flying in the popular air. One seldom brings down so much game at a single shot. To imply that its arguments are not able or reliable, is only to reflect on its quotations from the version, for out of these quotations are its main arguments. They speak for themselves.

This writer declares that the translators of the authorized version knew that "baptizo" always meant immerse, and refused to give it that English equivalent because it would have rebuked their views and practice. As this impugns the honor, and even the Christianity of those godly men, it deserves a word of consideration. The Bible translators, it says, did give English equivalents for all other modes of applying water, except this. And yet it is declared in the very next paragraph that two ceremonies of the Pharisees, one of plunging and one of pouring, are both translated by the same word, one of which is in the original: *ebaptisthen*, the imperfect of "baptizo," and the other *nipontai*. So it seems by this writer's own confession, and by the very instance he cites, that it is not true that "the word 'baptizo' is not translated in the common English version at all, while all the other words ever used to denote different modes of applying water are rendered by some corresponding English word." His charge of their dishonesty breaks to pieces over his first and only illustration of it.

One word may be needed to defend the translators from any undue bias. They found this word employed in many ways in the New Testament. They rendered it indifferently in every instance where it was not used to designate one of the symbols of the Christian church, sometimes employing the word itself, usually rendering it by the word "wash."

But in giving the original word unchanged when speaking of the sacrament of Baptism, they followed a general usage of the church. The Vulgate thus transfers it. The earliest Latin versions, going back to the second century, do not translate it.

In this they acted consistently with their usual course towards sacramental, or peculiarly doctrinal words. They do not translate the word Christian. Why should they not have given us the meaning of that word? Every church now in the world has put its own interpretation upon its signification, and every church has assumed another name than that which is given to the church in the New Testament. Why not render this word so as to accommodate Congregational views of church polity, which a very few of their leaders deem to be the sole scriptural form; or the Presbyterian idea, which a few more of their adherents worship as divine; or the Episcopalian, which a still larger

number of their congregations adore; or the Roman Catholic, which is held sacred by nearly all its members? Not one of these presumes to issue its translation of that word, so as to give to its own idea the verbal scriptural authority. How they would delight to find it there. If we could only read, The disciples were first at Antioch called Baptists, or Methodists, or Congregationalists, or Presbyterians, or Roman Catholics, or Episcopalians, or Lutherans, or Dutch Reformed, or Copts, or Sandemanians, or Millenarians, or Winbrennarians, or Freewill Baptists, or any other of the innumerable bits into which Christianity has been dissected, how the fortunate fragment would lift up its little head in triumph over its fellows; not bow it in humble thankfulness unto God. Not one of them dares to take the name of Christ. That was given by the Antioch mob, and confirmed by the chief of the apostles. All avow it to be theirs; none dares assume it. Christ keeps that for himself. He will confer it when and where he will on the church brought yet into acknowledgment with each other, and, so, with Him.

Other words are transferred, not translated; some from the Latin, some from the Greek. Most of the words expressive of Christian states are thus brought over from the original or the Vulgate: Regeneration, justification, salvation, sanctification, resurrection, Trinity, charity, Jesus, Scriptures, Sacrament, etc. Spirit is a word of several significations in the New Testament, meaning wind, breath, soul, and God, the Holy Ghost. Why is it not translated in its last and most difficult meaning? Other words are used for the same religious rite, and "immersion" cannot be made to agree with them. Therefore this symbolic word was left in its undefined original. Sprinkle, pour and wash are used as equivalents of baptism. Baptism must include these, as well as immersion. Therefore it was necessarily left untouched when the ordinance was mentioned.

This new version, it is said, is needed. Not so; a revision may be needed for the very slight modification of comparatively few paragraphs, but no new version is needed, or will ever be needed. Every reader of the original knows that the English text is uncommonly perfect and living; and every reader of the new version knows that it is uncommonly jejune. It is without life; it is a translation merely, its almost every departure from the received text being an infelicity of expression. God clothed the popular version with much of the power of the original. He may grant these lustres after a new version their request for more exact equivalents, but he sends leanness into their style. They lack life. Not a rendering rings, like thousands of the old version, with divine melody. The spirit is not in these wheels.

That some Methodist scholars are associated in this work with our Baptist brethren, will not make them or the work the better. They are certainly not among the recognized scholars of the church. Drs. McClintock and Strong, Warren and Nast, Whedon and Hurst, Newhall and Steele, do not favor them with their sharp exegeses. And if they did, it would not make the translation more catholic. It was gotten up as an immersion version. It would have never been started but with the purpose to compel the Christian church to accept that doctrine of baptism. It has spent thousands of dollars to compass that end, alone. Its other translations, however able, are no abler than scores that other commentators have rendered, and would never have been undertaken except to put this one word into the Bible, and this one usage into the church. Conant's Job is a magnificent plaint, whose refrain is always "immersion." His Psalms only sing "immersion." The prophets in all their grandeur of vision see only "immersion." Genesis is only an introduction to "immersion." Christ heals, teaches and concludes his divine career only in the interests of "immersion." Paul's mighty pleas and John's rapt visions all centre around one dazzling word, "immersion." This is the star to which this whole creation of a translation moves; this will be its death and fame. As the Breeches Bible is known by its one translation of Adam's garments, so will this laborious and costly effort be known only by its one word, "immersion." It is a curious philological fact that while these brethren are so busy in pleading the cause of "translate" against "transfer," they forget that both of these words are of one root and one original meaning. Translate is from the perfect participle of the word transfer. They say "translate 'baptizo.'" It is wrong to transfer it, and yet both words mean the same thing; both carry over a word to a new place. They confess by their chosen terms that their act does not differ from that of the older translators, who were no more than they, transferers.

If they could, therefore, win the recognition of their translation, it would still be only a transference, a Latin for a Greek word. Why not follow Luther, and

put a Saxon word in its place? Why not say plunge, or dip, or dye? This last would be a happy synonym of the favorite view of that symbol with immersionists. The Baptist Church wisely declines the gift offered her by her own sons. She will not give up her Greek name, her Bible name, for any professed Latin equivalent. She will not carry her views of close communion to the extent of separating her Bible from the Bible of the church, as she has her Eucharist. She lets her boys play with these counters, but when it comes to adopting their sport as her sacred Word, she respectfully declines the gift. Drs. Conant and Hackett can find no official support from their denomination. This whole laborious and costly structure will tumble surely and soon, despite the attempts to sustain it by contributions unsuspectingly given by those who believe in baptism as an ordinance of God, and not immersion. Baptism and the Bible will yet be the word of the Baptist and all other Christian churches.

WANTED: AN AMERICAN IN ENGLAND.

Americans, when they go to Europe, for the most part use England as a stepping-stone, on which they may leap from the deck of the steamer to the "stylish" but frivolous capital of France. We have often regretted this tendency of our countrymen to hurry away from "our old home;" for there is more to learn, more to admire, more to profit by, and far more to teach, both by precept and example, in England and Scotland, than in all the continent put together, from the soft sands of Calais to the snowy steppes of Siberia.

More to learn, for in England there is no quarantine of a foreign language to impede the gathering of fresh knowledge; and from John O'Groats to the Land's End, every city and village, every ruined fort and rustic lane, are running over with historical reminiscences, dear to Americans as the scenes of a life that has vanished or is fast fading away, in which his own ancestry took root, grew up, and became the great race that has since swept the sixth of human kind into its folds, and that has reared the mightiest nationality in the New World which history in her long watchings ever looked upon. No American properly understands his own history and people until he has studied not the English annals alone, but the English people as well. Nursed on the English classics, the homes and haunts of England's great men, and our great men also, (for before our Revolution we had an equal share in her genius,) are, as they ought to be, of unequalled interest to us. And a single visit to the sites of the heroic deeds of British history—to stand where Raleigh pined in prison, where Cromwell did battle, where Shakespeare wrote, where the Covenanters hid, where the white souls of the martyrs went up to God in a chariot of flames—is worth a year in the Athenæum of Boston, or a cycle among the gilded saloons of the French Metropolis. For it makes the past a reality, and nerves us to be worthy of such illustrious sires.

More to admire, for in England we see in the ripeness of a full fruition, many of the social and literary developments which, in our own country, are still in the bud, or the green stage of growth.

More to profit by, for the English, with all their faults, are a sturdy and grand race; the stuff of which God makes heroes and martyrs, philanthropists and sages; sound at heart, strong of head, honest in work. There is less shoddy in the English character than in that of any other nation either of ancient or modern times. We speak of the English people,—not of the scum called the aristocracy, who resemble the green filth often seen floating on stagnant water; nor of the rabble who are like the mud that falls to the bottom of the pond. We have much to learn from the sterling qualities of the English; and no American youth can travel through the beautiful "fast-anchored isle" without being benefitted by it. Can as much be said of a sojourn in Paris?

And last, but not least, the American has much to teach in England. No "live American," to use the phrase of our colleague of *The Independent*, can travel through England without either damaging or advancing the Republican cause. If he be a snob, (as so many traveling Americans are,) and panders to the upper or middle class, he will assuredly confirm the traditional prejudices of the people in favor of the monarchical form of government. But if he firmly resent every slur on our system, and show that he is not ashamed of Democracy, he will everywhere be a missionary of Republican civilization, and help to advance the cause of the People in the fatherland.

Above all, the representative American in England should be Republican in every fibre of his being. He, more than any other man, should embody the spirit of Democracy. He may be as cultivated as Adams was; he may be learned as Bancroft was; he may be as eloquent as Everett was; he may be a merchant-

prince as Lawrence was, but if he is not, first of all, and more than all, an American in life as well as in creed, by nature as well as by birth, he is not qualified to represent us at the Court of St. James. We admire Charles Sumner, we honor his fidelity, we never tire in eulogizing his conscientious devotion to the cause of equal rights, but we should regret to see him commissioned by President Grant as Ambassador to England, and should infinitely prefer to see Henry Wilson in the much coveted place. For Mr. Sumner, with all his virtues, (and their name is legion, for they are many,) is not in his social nature a Republican, but an English gentleman—refined, indeed, but intensely and conspicuously English. His oratory is English in style, structure and tone. He defers to precedent, rank and names. It is true that he does not permit them to sway him in questions affecting equal rights; but it is not such questions that arise in our dealings with foreign nations.

Again, Mr. Sumner is not a reader of men excepting when their principles are avowed; he judges men from their principles, not their principles from the men. Now what is needed in any ambassador is not a student of books so much as a keen judge of men, whom neither social courtesies nor high position can influence; and what is wanted pre-eminently in an American ambassador is a man who, while he represents his government with candor and dignity at a foreign court, shall never forget that he is a representative not of an administration but a people—a democracy—who have no sympathy with aristocratic rule. We have never yet sent a true American to England. The Adamses were all Federalists—sympathizers, that is, with a government that gave as little power as possible to the direct influence of the people; Barcroft was a scholar, cold, selfish and reactionary; Everett never felt the popular pulse until he was old, and until it ran to fever height; and Lawrence was only a rich and prosperous representative of State Street. And these are the men whom Massachusetts has contributed to the English mission!

We never had a President, except Jackson, until Lincoln was elected, who was properly a man of the people. We never had a Senator from Massachusetts until Wilson was sent there, who went up from the shop and the farm. All the others were lawyers, scholars, upper-class persons—with talent enough and respectable enough in their way, but not Americans in the sense in which we use the word. It was the rule of the upper-ten thousand, until the lower ten-millions sent Lincoln from the prairies to the White House, and Wilson from the shoemaker's bench to the Senate, to show how much better the whole people can govern themselves than a class can govern them. American history has become heroic and pure only since the people made it themselves. State Street and Harvard College extended slavery and passed fugitive slave laws; the farm and the mechanic's bench extinguished slavery and eradicated the slavehunter from our soil.

Let us have one test trial of a real American in England! The cultivated classes both North and South have failed to produce a fit ambassador to her court. Adams, cold-blooded and unsocial, was distrusted and disliked by the English liberals; Johnson, soft-headed and half rebel, disgusts and disappoints us all.

We nominate Henry Wilson as Ambassador to England. No man in America is better fitted to do us honor with the English working classes—the only friends we had there, and they were our true allies; for when scholars, statesmen, cabinet and court—the Queen alone excepted—were willing and anxious to recognize the Confederacy, they were restrained for the same reason that the scribes and Pharisees were withheld from laying violent hands on Christ—"for they feared the people." Mr. Wilson, of all the American politicians now living, has the oldest record as an anti-slavery leader. True to freedom, true to temperance, true to the laboring class—a warm-hearted, zealous, tireless champion of the right, a man without a single aristocratic drop of blood in his veins, his life, his training, his sympathies and his splendid career, pre-eminently qualify him to represent us at the Court of St. James, and, what is of vastly more moment, among the English people.

The testimonial given by the friends, and perhaps it ought to be said by the enemies also of "Warrington," on Monday, of last week, was honorable alike to him and them. The feast of the commemoration came off at the residence of F. W. Bird, esq., 169 Tremont Street, and was attended by many celebrities. Among them were Lt. Gov. Claflin, High Sheriff Clark, W. S. King, Col. Wright, R. K. Potter, J. M. S. Williams, Dr. Manning, F. O. Sanborn, R. Crooks, of the Traveller, Chas. W. Slack, and Lt. Gov. Task. Messrs. Sumner, Wilson, Bullock, Butler, Bowles, and others, sent gifts of good words and better cash. The testimonial consisted of three gold watches for his wife and daughters, a mantel clock, a thousand dollar bond, and an uncounted or unreported pile of

greenbacks for himself. Mr. Bird in his address declared he had been the leading journalist of New England for the last twenty years, had elevated journalism by his faithful dealing with his friend, no less than his political antagonists, the most difficult of duties, and that he could say with Pope,

"Yes I am proud, I must be proud to see
Men not afraid of God, afraid of me."

Few public men better deserve a testimonial. He has declined offices that would have led to wealth, that he might keep his pen clear for the duty laid upon it. His party has grown rich and powerful, and its ablest penman still occupies the comparatively humble post of Secretary of the Massachusetts House of Representatives.

It is to be hoped that the Committee will keep the names of the donors from Mr. Robinson, or he may find his pen as embarrassed as Mr. Knapp found his tongue, on a like occasion. A Universalist neighbor gave him a basket of fish. He found, when he attempted to speak his mind in the pulpit, that this string of fish prevented freedom of speech. So he had to go and give his neighbor an equivalent for his present before he could move on. "Warrington" will not like to give up his fine string of fish, and so he had better not know who gave them. If his pen will become more orthodox, and more prohibition, it will be a perfect stylus. But as it is sharp on all humbugs, it will prick the pretensions of men who profess to be Christians, and yet worship the gods Ego, and Emerson, Buddha and Parker, and every other god but Christ. Mr. Sumner says he is equal to the best of French political writers. The "how to do it," "touch and go" gift is his in a rare degree. Were it Christian, he would be the Pascal of the hour. May he yet complete the likeness to the French writer by attaining the height of this first of satirists and Christians.

The *Christian Register* seems not to have yet seen the article in THE HERALD, in answer to its "challenge," though it was five columns long, while it readily detects single lines hidden away in our "Notes" and Book papers. Its vision is good, and taste also, as far as they go. That response has been seen by others, if not by *The Register*. We have received many letters from all parts of the land, thanking THE HERALD for its exposure of this dominant heresy. It also declines to publish Charles Wesley's hymn, on the ground that children under fifteen ought not to hear the word hell. Are all its readers that juvenile age? Is that the reason why it as carefully keeps from its pages the correlative and preservative words, the Cross and Atonement of our Lord Jesus Christ? We shall have to excuse its neglect of our response to its "challenge," since it is very busy at the difficult task of reconciling the feuds that have broken out in its own family through the Buddhistic action of the New York Convention. When it has these all healed, and Messrs. Ellis, Thompson, Bellows, Sears, et al, are reinstated in its columns, it will doubtless do justice to THE HERALD. P. S.—It has discovered it at last. A very brilliant article, about thirty lines long, appeared last Saturday, replying to our argument. Our columns were full when it arrived, so an equally long answer to it must lie over.

THE N. H. State Temperance Convention was a marked success. It assembled at the Elm Street M. E. Church, Manchester, on Wednesday, Dec. 9. The committees were appointed as follows: On business, Rev. L. D. Barrows, D.D., of Sanbornton Bridge, Rev. Cyrus W. Wallace, D.D., of Manchester, Rev. D. W. Faunce, of Concord; on nominations, Rev. D. C. Babcock, of Manchester, Rev. T. L. Flood, of Salem, J. L. Stott, of Newmarket; on resolutions, Dr. J. H. Gallinger, of Concord, Rev. D. S. Smith, of Lancaster, A. J. Hall, of Concord, Rev. O. J. Jasper, of Great Falls, Rev. Nahum Brooks, of Manchester.

Col. Ward, of Concord, was elected President. Senator Patterson endorsed the cause in a letter from Washington. Resolutions were adopted recognizing the greatness of the evil of intemperance, the need of moral and legal means for its suppression, the duty of organizing Sunday School Temperance Societies, of canvassing the State by lecturers, of districting the State and forming local leagues, of putting prohibitionists into office, of enacting the State Constabulary. Addresses were made by Rev. O. H. Jasper, Rev. Dr. Barrows, Rev. Dr. Wallace, Rev. Mr. Manson, Rev. Mr. Babcock, and others. We look for the beginning of better things for New Hampshire from this Convention.

GOLDEN HOURS.—The January number of this new and beautiful juvenile magazine has been received by J. P. Magee, and a specimen copy will be sent to each preacher in the New England Conferences.

NOTES.

Read Dr. Rust's appeal for the Freedmen's Aid Society. It is doing a good work, especially when it forgets its title, and admits all the poor and neglected children of the neighborhood to its privileges. Give it a good place on your list of charities.

The *Fair Times* is a very pretty sheet issued by the Methodist ladies of Philadelphia, who are having a good fair for a home for the Indigent Old Ladies of the M. E. Church in that city. It will hardly be alive when this notice of its birth is published.

"All that's fair must fade,
The fairest oft the fleetest."

The jury in the case of Gen. Cole, who killed Hiscock at Albany, gave the curious verdict that he was sane just before he committed the act and just afterward, but was insane at that moment, and on that momentary insanity cleared him. *The New York Mail* rightly characterizes this as sixty second insanity. Such decisions make the law look ridiculous.

The Peabody Collection of American Archeology and Ethnology, at Harvard College, is increasing. The *Advertiser* reports among its late additions a large number of specimens. A fine collection of Swiss remains, and specimens of the prehistoric period. They have also obtained a fine variety of terra-cotta fig-

ures and idols secured by Gen. Caleb Cushing during the Mexican war. A large number of arrows, flint arrow-heads, and stone implements of general use have been deposited. Several small canoes and weapons have been brought from the north-west coast, and a Danish collection which has been purchased is expected to arrive during the winter.

Wise above his fellows was that Chinese ambassador who when the visitors approached to shake his hand bowed, smirked, and put his own hands together and shook them. It is a good custom; let it be introduced into our public society. He says he got it from Washington, who never shook hands with any one, but stood bowing on State occasions with his hands behind his back. It is an improvement on Washington.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

Washington, D. C., Dec. 11, 1868.

MR. JOHNSON'S LAST TIRADE.

It certainly appears to every reflecting person that the President sought to make his last annual Message as objectionable as possible, not only in tone, sentiment and language, but also in the violations of the courtesy alike due to gentlemen and to official bodies. I refer not only to the abuse he heaped upon the policy or Congress, but to his having really connived at the publication of the document in advance of its delivery by the most indecently disloyal and dishonorable paper in the land—Pomeroy's New York *Democrat*.

There is no doubt but that the copies of the Message from which "Brick" Pomeroy's paper prepared its extra, were sent direct from the White House by a special messenger who arrived in New York on Tuesday morning at six o'clock, and by nine it was on the streets, though not sent to the Capital until past one, P. M. As the *Democrat* is the only paper which openly advocates repudiation, and Mr. Johnson is the only public official openly boasting of sympathy with him, it is perfectly fitting they should run in couples.

The manner in which the message was received in Congress honorably marks the broad distinction between the dishonored Executive and the triumphant and approved Representatives of an honorable Nation. The contempt of the Senate, and the indignation, were both aptly expressed. The only regret one hears, is that the insulting and infamous document was not sent back to its author. The Democrats are more angry even than the Republicans. They don't like it because the necessity is upon some among them of appearing to defend the message. Reckless and daring partisans like Fernando Wood and Eldridge of Wisconsin, may try it, but those who have any regard for personal honor and integrity remain silent.

The undisguised character of the repudiation policy indicated in the message, has served an admirable purpose, in showing how sound on this matter of the national obligations are the great body of the people's representatives—and as is evident, the people themselves also. There never has been a public document treated with such utter contempt as this. It was read yesterday by the Senate and laid on the table. No copies were ordered to be printed, except the usual official copies, about 1,500 in all. The House laid it on the table also, and printed only the official copies. In the debate it was definitely said that the object of laying it on the table, was to get rid of it. I do not think that any document of Mr. Johnson's was more attentively listened to in the House than this; certainly none has been more heartily denounced. The feeling manifested by all was one of utter indignation,—that at least was the case among Republicans, while surprise was the prevailing feeling among the friends of "My Policy." Considerable anxiety prevails as to the manner in which the suggestion of the Message will be received in Europe. Experienced men here fear that it will unfavorably affect our securities. But the remedy followed the attack quite quickly.

BUSINESS IN CONGRESS.

Very little of real value has yet been done. The most important act in the House has been the passage of a bill transferring the Indian Bureau to the War Department by a very large majority. There is not much chance of the passage of this desirable measure by the Senate. Probably it would be better if Indian affairs could be managed by others than army people; but I think it is generally true that there was less corruption and a larger portion of peace when they had the control of them in times gone by. The Senate seems desirous of maintaining the present condition of affairs. Every day makes more apparent the wisdom of a proposition recently put forth by Wendell Phillips looking to the increase of the number of representatives, and I think the direct election of senators by the people, instead of as now by the State Legislature, all jobs—like railroads, speculation, schemers of plunderings, &c., are sure to, and do have the stronger hold upon the smaller body. Senators always sustain the Indian Bureau and similar affairs more earnestly than the House does. From some knowledge of western affairs I am inclined to believe that the Indians now at war, need to be restrained by such force as Sheridan can exert, but had it not been for the inherent corruption of the system of which they are the victims, no such necessity would have arisen.

A recess will be taken at an early day, until the 5th of January, for the purpose of enabling the important committees to prepare business.

THE ALABAMA NEGOTIATIONS.

The message, it is reported, contained in its original draft an elaborate reference to the progress and present state of Minister Johnson's negotiations. If so, then for some reason it was eliminated, for the message as delivered contained a very meagre reference thereto. Probably a despatch received on Tuesday last had something to do with this. In them it is stated that Reverdy Johnson announced that many of Mr. Seward's amendments had been agreed to by the late Ministry before their resignation, and that the others would be, as he believed, by that of Mr. Gladstone.

The feeling is prevalent here, that no satisfactory settlement can be arrived at until after Gen. Grant's administration is

organized, because the people cannot be made satisfied with anything that Mr. Johnson would agree to or propose.

GENERAL ITEMS.

We are likely to have a bona fide impeachment in the case of Judge Richard Busted, U. S. District Judge for Alabama. He is charged with malfeasance in office, and the case is said to be a strong one.

The Rev. Dr. Boynton, Chaplain of the House and pastor of Plymouth Church, was last evening visited by a large number of his congregation, and made the recipient of handsome donations, among which were a purse of over \$700, a gold-headed cane, and several other valuable articles. It was satisfactory to see persons interested in this matter who have been connected with the opposition which has existed in the church.

Washington is an unfortunate town in one respect. It is, and always has been, unable to support a good lyceum course. This winter no attempt has been made to get up one, and those lecturers who come here at all will do so without reference to any engagements. Horace Greeley lectured on the "Woman Question" to a small audience two or three nights ago. The editor of *The Tribune* is not a popular man here, for most of those who attend lectures belong to that class he attacks so vigorously—the government clerks.

KOSMOS.

The Methodist Church.

Information from any of our churches for this department will be gratefully received and acknowledged.

DORCHESTER STREET, SOUTH BOSTON.—The friends of the Dorchester Street M. E. Church, had a very pleasant, and it is hoped profitable season, on the occasion of the dedication of their new vestry and class rooms, on Tuesday evening the 1st instant. After the singing of the first hymn, prayer was offered by Rev. Dr. Patten; reading Scriptures by Rev. Mr. Hanaford; dedicatory prayer by Rev. W. F. Warren, D.D.; after which short and appropriate addresses were delivered by Rev. Mr. Virgin, a former pastor, and the present pastor, Rev. Wm. Butler, D.D., who glanced briefly at the first Methodist Church in England, the first in America, and one dedicated by himself under very peculiar and discouraging circumstances on the hill of Lucknow, which was the first Methodist Church building in India. He then adverted briefly to the financial condition of the church, which is very encouraging the expense of raising, improving and beautifying the building, some \$3,100 having been all met by subscription excepting some 900, of which they hoped to raise a large portion that evening. After the benediction by Rev. Mr. Kelley, the whole assembly adjourned to the vestry, a roomy, commodious and elegant audience room where the ladies of the society had provided a very emptying display of good things, which received the most devoted attention from all present for the next hour.

After a time spent in singing the sweet melodies of our church and Sunday School, the company separated highly pleased with the entertainment, with their new vestry, and with each other.

Quite an extensive revival prevails in the M. E. Church and congregation at Norwich, Conn.

Rev. E. J. Haynes, pastor of Main Street M. E. Church in Norwich, Conn., has recently been made the recipient from his congregation of a donation of over one hundred dollars, and a handsome dressing gown; also, there was presented him a very elegant gold hunting case watch.

CHRISTIAN WORK.—A number of the Young Men's Christian Association, Boston, is creating an unusual religious interest in Scituate Harbor, Mass., by going with other brethren from house to house, holding prayer meetings and leaving religious tracts, guided by the pastor of the Methodist Church, Rev. F. C. Newell, where a revival may soon be expected.

ST. PAUL, MINN., DEC. 4, 1868.—The Minnesota State Christian Convention met in Minneapolis, on the 1st, 2d and 3d inst. Revs. L. D. Moody, of Chicago, A. K. Burnell, of Milwaukee, and Ensign, of St. Louis, were present, and participated in the exercises with thrilling effect. The meeting was one of great power, and its fruits will undoubtedly be seen throughout the State the present season.

WESTFIELD, DEC. 3.—Rev. S. A. Browne writes: "The Lord has done great things for us in West Parish during the past summer and fall. By His blessing the brethren and friends have bought the old tavern house, and fitted it up for a parsonage, and built a new house of worship 30 by 40 feet, and placed in the tower a cast steel bell weighing five hundred pounds; its clear tones can be heard from three to four miles around. Better than all, we are blessed with a good religious interest and peace among ourselves."

A number of "fairs" are being held about the country. At the Tremont Temple, Vanity Fair is well shown up, as seen by that humble Christian, John Bunyan.

The Newark Preachers' Meeting at a late session, passed resolutions commemorative of the late lamented Rev. Dr. Mattison.

CHICAGO METHODISM.—The statistics of Methodism in Chicago, so far as the English Churches are concerned, are as follows: Clark Street, 218; Grace, 279; Centenary, 609; Wabash Avenue, 381; Indiana Street, 186; Trinity, 189; Maxwell, 190; Simpson, 87; Park Avenue, 268; Wesley, 48; City Mission, 18; total, 2,354. The salaries paid by the principal churches of the city are: Clark Street, \$2,000, house-rent, \$1,000; Wabash Avenue, \$4,000, house-rent, \$1,200; Grace Church, \$2,500, house-rent, \$800; Centenary Church, \$4,000, house-rent, \$1,000; Trinity, \$2,500, house-rent, \$700; Maxwell Street, \$1,600; Park Avenue, \$2,800; Wesley Chapel, \$1,500.

THE LATE DR. LABAN CLARK.—At a recent New York Preachers' Meeting Rev. Dr. Curry, presented the following resolution, which was adopted:—

This Preachers' Meeting have heard of the decease of Rev. Laban Clark, D.D., of the New York East Conference, which

occurred at Middletown, Conn., November 28, places upon its minutes the following: That we recognize in the life and character of the venerable deceased a worthy example of Christian consistency and ministerial fidelity, of purity of life and character, and of earnest devotion to God and to the church of his early choice. We most thankfully record his services to the church, both in the ordinary work of the ministry and also in aiding to establish some of the principal benevolent and literary institutions of the church, with which its present welfare and future growth are so intimately connected. For the long life and continued activity of our departed father in God we would be devoutly thankful, as well as for the peaceful assurance of his last days. We joyfully accept the legacy of a godly example, and the remembrance of his zeal for God which he has bequeathed to us, his sons in the Gospel, and we will ever cherish his memory and use it as an incentive to Christian and ministerial faithfulness.

Providence Items.

A new chapel was dedicated to the worship of Almighty God, according to the rules and ritual of the M. E. Church, Wednesday evening, Dec. 2d, in Central Falls Village. It was built by that portion of the Pawtucket Society who reside in Central Falls Village. The dedication services were under the direction of Rev. M. J. Talbot, who has had pastoral supervision of the whole enterprise. Rev. Dr. Brown, Presiding Elder of Providence District, preached the sermon. The text was Isa. xli. 11-16. The discourse was sound, practical, and eminently appropriate for the occasion. The edifice is a plain wooden building, 60 by 24 feet. The audience room is 40 by 24 feet. A flourishing Sabbath School is in operation, and it is proposed to apply to the Conference next spring for a pastor, and to erect the new society into a regular Conference station.

The Mathewson Street Society voted last Sabbath to substitute their Sabbath School service in place of the regular preaching service in the afternoon. Their Sabbath School session has been held at 9 A. M. There is now only one of our churches that have two sermons on the Sabbath. This arrangement does not give universal satisfaction, but it is evidently the choice of the majority.

The Rhode Island Christian Convention met in the Broad Street Congregational Church, Dec. 31. Its sessions lasted through two days. The call for the Convention was issued by the Young Men's Christian Association of this city, and was extended to all the Associations and evangelical churches of the State. There are but six Associations in the State. Ten delegates at large were allowed. The pastor and two delegates from each church were also invited. A very respectable body met and organized, in pursuance of the call. The following topics were presented for discussion: 1. The Relation of Y. M. C. Associations to the Churches; 2. How, and to what extent, shall we Supplement the Labors of the Ministry by Lay Effort? 3. What are the Elements of Power in all Christian Work? 4. How can the People in the Rural Districts be Reached by Gospel Influences? These resolutions were discussed with much animation and downright seriousness. The visible results of the gathering were, a Convention with its whole Congressional force of officers, committees, speeches and a long series of familiar resolutions. It is to be hoped that other and richer fruit will be gathered in the respective churches and communities from which the delegates come, and to which they returned.

PERSONAL.

Bishop Simpson lectures before the Bay State this (Thursday) evening, at the Music Hall, on "The Crescent and the Cross." He will have a grand house. A few tickets may be secured by a few of his many friends that have failed to buy them. He lectures at Keene, N. H., the next evening (Friday).

Gen. Butler has introduced a bill repealing the Tenure of Office act. This is probably done to get ahead of Gen. Grant's friends. It will doubtless pass, but not much before the close of the session. Some think it should be kept for future use; but it can be restored if necessity arises. Let the President be trusted till he proves himself untrustworthy.

Mrs. Dwight, wife of Rev. Moseley Dwight, died very suddenly of apoplexy, at her residence in Chelsea, last Wednesday. Bro. Dwight is very low, and not certain of recovery. Will his former churches and his brethren remember him in this hour of great sickness and greater sorrow?

The following resolutions, prepared by Rev. Messrs. Sargeant and Mahallie, were adopted by the Boston Preachers' Meeting:

Whereas in the providence of Almighty God our sister, Della L. Dwight, wife of Rev. M. Dwight, has been called suddenly to the eternal world,

Resolved, 1. That the Preachers' Meeting of Boston and vicinity have heard of this affliction with feelings of profound sorrow.

2. That by her life and labors in connection with her husband, in the work of the itinerant ministry, she has set an example worthy of imitation, and placed the church under a lasting debt of gratitude.

3. That we tender to Bro. Dwight and his family in their affliction our warmest sympathies, and offer to God in his and their behalf most fervent prayers.

4. That a copy of these resolutions be sent to THE ZION'S HERALD for publication, and to the bereaved family.

THE SECULAR WORLD.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK.

The Third Session of the Fortieth Congress assembled at noon on the 7th inst. The new members—Haynes and Kellogg, of Louisiana; Rice, of Arkansas; Robertson, of South Carolina; and Spencer, of Alabama—were present, and occupied their places in the Senate. The credentials of Hill, of Georgia, were laid on the table. Mr. Sumner introduced a bill to enforce the provisions of the Constitution abolishing slavery, declaring the immunities of citizens, and guaranteeing a republican form of government by securing the electoral franchise to citizens deprived of it by reason of race, color or previous condition; and on his motion it was laid on the table, and ordered to be printed. Mr. Sumner also introduced bills providing for a return to specie payments on the 1st of July, 1869, and for cheap ocean postage, and a resolution congratulating

the people of Spain on the overthrow of their ancient royalty. Bills and resolutions were introduced amending the naturalization laws, proposing constitutional amendments relative to manhood suffrage, providing for the issue of arms to the militia in States lately in rebellion, and relative to vacancies in the army and navy. Mr. Drake proposes to abolish the grade of General and Lieutenant General in the army, as well as Admiral and Vice Admiral in the navy, upon these positions being vacated by their present occupants,—a measure worthy of Mrs. Goose. The House was called to order by Speaker Colfax, who was received with applause from both sides of the House. Mr. Pike offered a resolution declaring that justice to public creditors demands the immediate payment of greenbacks in gold; he might have said that the eighth commandment also demands it. The course of Reverly Johnson was declared prejudicial to the interests of this government, as he is clearing up our difficulties altogether too quick. A motion directing the Judiciary Committee to prepare a bill appropriating \$50,000 to reimburse President Johnson for expenses incurred in defending himself in the impeachment trial, was laid on the table. The naturalization laws, resumption of specie payments, and other matters of minor importance, received attention. The session promises to be an active one, if nothing more.

That incubus of documents, the President's Message, was sent to Congress on the 9th, and was received by both branches of that body in a manner that has no precedent in our annals. The Senate positively refused to hear it out, and the House laid it on the table. It was ordered to be printed, and probably it will be more extensively read and commented on than any previous message of any previous President. Such a speech made to the British Parliament by the Queen would create not only a panic, but a revolution. We have elsewhere commented on this affair.

The trial of Samuel M. Andrews for the murder of Cornelius Holmes, on the 27th of last May, was concluded on the 8th; after four hours' consultation the wretched culprit was found guilty of manslaughter, and sentenced to twenty years in the State Prison. Cole's trial (for the murder of Hiseock) also was concluded last week in Albany; the murderer having been declared insane for one minute, was discharged!!

Navigation on the lakes, rivers and canals in New York and Canada has closed for the season.—The thermometer has gone below zero in parts of New England the past week.

Caleb Cushing is sent on a mission to Europe, in reference, it is supposed, to the Alabama claims and our relation to the new Spanish government.

The small pox is raging in San Francisco; over one third of the cases have proved fatal.

The new British Parliament was opened on the 10th. There was no speech from the Queen.

Spain is in arms. The Emperor of France is reported to have said in reference to the extraordinary quietness of the Spanish revolution, "Ah, well, this is only her honeymoon. Wait till by and by!" Sagacious man! Well he knows that he attempt to create a Republic in Spain or any part of Europe must be about as ineffectual at present as the attempt to create a Monarchy in any part of America. The Republicans of Cadiz have openly defied the government and a bloody war has taken place. They set free 700 convicts and it is estimated that the rebels number 3000 fighting men. At Tarragona on the 6th, the Republicans attacked and dispersed a meeting of the advocates of monarchy. The insurgents in Cadiz made proposals of capitulation, which, we learn from despatches to the 10th instant were rejected. At the expiration of the armistice hostilities recommenced, and a desperate conflict took place, in which artillery was used by both the troops and insurgents. The loss in killed and wounded was heavy on both sides. The result of the battle was undecided. The insurgents still occupy the Hotel de Ville and the surrounding district. The rebels have detained within the Hotel de Ville all the foreign consuls they could seize, and hope that by this means they will be able to prevent the threatened bombardment of that portion of the city by the vessels of war lying in the harbor. Great political excitement prevails in Xeres, Malaga and Tarragona. General Prim is now on his way to the southern provinces, and it is hoped that his presence there will restore tranquility. It is believed that the insurrectionary movements are the result of the flatterings of Isabella.

The latest despatches from Madrid show that affairs in Spain are rapidly approaching a crisis. The rebels demand a share in the government. Cadiz is blockaded. A fleet sailed for Cuba on the 15th.

Earl Spencer has been appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.—The Right Hon. John Evelyn Denison is Speaker of the House of Commons.—Bismarck fears no war.—The Emperor of Austria wants peace.—The following British cabinet appointments are officially announced:—The Right Honorable George J. Goschen, President of the Poor Law Board; the Right Honorable Marquis of Hartington, Postmaster-General; Mr. Henry Sayward, President of the Board of Trade. The Right Honorable Henry A. Bruce has accepted the appointment of Secretary of State for the Home Department.—The *London Telegraph* says in reference to the Alabama negotiation, "All that can be honorably granted will be."—The following additional particulars of the loss of the steamship *Hibernia* have been obtained. The principal cause of the disaster was the breaking of the screw shaft inside the screw pipe. The screw got loose and damaged the stern post and pipe, causing a fearful leak, through which a large volume of water rushed into the hold. Every effort was made to save the ship, but a strong gale prevailed at the time with a heavy sea, and it was found impossible to stop the leak. The steamer was rapidly sinking when the boats were lowered and the passengers and crew were all embarked. Excellent order was maintained by the officers, who kept the crew under complete control and prevented a panic among the passengers. The two boats previously reported saved were picked up by the ship "Star of Hope," bound for Aberdeen. The captain of the *Hibernia* was landed at John O'Groat's House.

METHODIST FREEDMEN'S AID SOCIETY.

BY R. S. RUST, D.D.

Thoughtful, far-seeing, and philanthropic men in all parts of the country are beginning to appreciate the magnitude and the importance of the work undertaken by our Freedmen's Aid Society. It is only two years since this society was organized, and during this time it has raised and appropriated seventy thousand dollars. It sustained fifty teachers in the field the first year and eighty the second. Our teachers instructed five thousand pupils the first year, and seven thousand the second.

The society has sustained fifty schools in various localities connected with our missions, and has thus taken a conspicuous part in the great missionary movement in the South. Nearly a score of these teachers are ministers of the gospel, teaching school during the week and preaching on the Sabbath; and all of them labor in the Sunday as well as in the day schools, and are training thousands for ignorant and degraded children for usefulness on earth and happiness in heaven. Missionaries and our teachers unitedly cultivate this inviting field, and harvest sheaves of the garner of the Lord. It has sustained a school at the Orphan Asylum at New Orleans, in which hundreds of fatherless and motherless children, whose fathers fell in defense of the Union, or by the hand of violence, have been fed, clothed, and instructed. It has also supported three normal schools, in which scores have been fitted for teachers, and are now successfully engaged in the work of teaching. Educators for the freedmen must eventually be furnished by their own race. We must aid the colored people in establishing good schools for the training of teachers and preachers, and then, as soon as possible, secure from them their permanent support. The Aid Society has also furnished a Professor for the Baker Institute at Charleston for the training of young men for the ministry. This, we submit, is a proud record for its brief history, and one which finds few parallels in the history of benevolent enterprises. Our Missionary Society struggled yet before it reached so large a sum in its annual contributions. The Church Extension Society, so meritorious in its claims, during the past year has not greatly distanced the Aid Society in its collections. The Sunday School Union the present year falls below it. In view of its past success, the friends of this enterprise have occasion to thank God and take courage.

The Society enters upon the third year of its history with increased facilities for usefulness, and with the purpose of enlarging its operations as rapidly as the benevolence of the church will authorize. We shall render aid to all the schools inaugurated by us essential to our mission work; establish others in places of peculiar importance, as far as our funds permit; aid the Orphans' Asylum and Baker Institute; and devote especial attention to the training of teachers in our normal schools. Government has made liberal appropriations in the erection of buildings for these schools, and, in the judgment of the managers of our Society, a portion of our funds can be more judiciously expended in the support of these training schools than in any other way.

The freedmen look to our Aid Society for assistance, and there is scarcely any limit to the amount of good, that "the old mother church" might accomplish if she had the means at her control. Hundreds of destitute places plead for teachers and missionaries, and self-sacrificing Christian men and women, for a mere livelihood, are ready to respond and enter these fields of toil and sacrifice; but the funds for their support are wanting. The Society could send to-day, if they had the means of supporting them, one hundred additional teachers where an abundant harvest might be reaped, and where an incalculable amount of good might be accomplished for the church and this deeply wronged race. Methodism owes it to this emancipated people, to herself, and the great Head of the church, that she increase her corps of teachers with the least possible delay. She should number them by hundreds, rather than by scores. What she is now doing is unworthy of her past history and fame. We know that our church has within a few years, expended a million of dollars in the mission work of the South, and God has crowned the offering with a vast ingathering of souls; but a much greater harvest might have been gathered into the garner of the Lord had this branch of the missionary enterprise been more liberally sustained.

Few investments for Christ promise larger, surer, or more speedy returns than the two or three hundred dollars donated for the support of a missionary teacher for a year among the freedmen. These teachers are quietly laying deep and broad foundations for the future. Intelligence and piety are the only enduring foundations upon which the church and the nation can build. Nothing else will fit the emancipated race for the appropriate discharge of the duties that await them. The hope of the freedmen, the welfare of the South, and the destiny of the nation, are indissolubly connected with Christian education. To emancipate a race and then leave it in ignorance and vice, is worthy of being branded as a crime rather than a virtue—every consideration that urged us to action for their freedom is equally weighty in behalf of their education.

The present hour is the most propitious for this movement. This golden opportunity of saving a race may be lost, and years of suffering follow. Let the school-house and the church edifice go up side by side; let the Christian teacher prepare the field for the missionary and aid in its culture; and let the operations of the Freedmen's Aid Society be carried forward upon a scale commensurate with its vast importance; then shall the waste places and the altars in the South be restored, the people harmonized, the nation saved, and the work of God spread in great power all over that desolate land.

CHURCH INTELLIGENCE.

From our Mission Rooms.

PREACHERS' MEETING IN PHILADELPHIA.—The Corresponding Secretary had a very pleasant and profitable interview with the Preachers' Meeting in Philadelphia, Monday, Nov. 23. Upon the request of the meeting, we took occasion to explain our missionary system, and to show how certainly and successfully it had worked, in the great expansion of our missions, and the steadily increasing support it gave them from year to year. As a specimen of this support we showed them the advance in the last ten years, from 1853 to 1863. This advance was from \$158,924 in 1853, to \$697,320 in 1863. There will be a further advance in 1864. In these ten years the contributions fell off but in one year, and this owing chiefly to particular receipts the previous year, which could not be repeated. We stated that the receipts into the treasury advanced, so that the trouble to the treasury is not because of a decrease of receipts, but because of the great expansion of the work, particularly in the South. We stated to the meeting that this great demand of the work over the present annual receipts, presented to the church the alternative of curtailing our missionary work on hand, or largely increasing our missionary contributions. The meeting seemed not only to accept the action of the General Missionary Committee, but to heartily approve of it, as set forth in the aggregate appropriations.

THE HEAVIEST GUN YET.—Up to Dec. 1, 1863, only one church have advanced one hundred per cent. over the previous year in their missionary contributions. This was the Eighteenth Street, New York. But last Sunday, Nov. 29, the Garretts Station in Albany advanced more than one hundred per cent. over the previous year.

Presbyterian Church.

PRESBYTERIAN SEMINARY AT CHICAGO.—There is an unpleasant difficulty in the Theological Seminary of the Northwest, which is controlled by Old School Presbyterians. So far as we can learn from the correspondence published in the *Northwestern Presbyterian*, Mr. Cyrus H. McCormick, who founded it by promising \$25,000 to each of four professorships—has paid over three of these installments, but refuses to pay the last \$25,000, on the ground that Mr. Blackburn, who has been elected to that professorship, and the party which elected him, are entirely out of sympathy with his political views. Mr. McCormick is a Democrat; and there has been quite a struggle for the control of the seminary between those who believe, and those who, with Mr. McCormick, disbelieve that political questions should be introduced into the church. On the refusal of the General Assembly to elect Dr. Rice, he gave \$30,000 to the Union Theological Seminary of Virginia; but now offers to pay over the remaining installment to the Seminary of the Northwest, if a working majority of the directors can be of his friends, and to add \$5,000 more to each professorship. Otherwise, he insists that those who have turned out the old friends and founders ought also to refund the \$75,000.—*Independent*.

Congregationalist Church.

The Congregational Church, in South Adams dedicated a new house of worship on the 18th ult. It will seat six or seven hundred persons, and cost, with the grounds, about \$25,000, which is nearly all paid.

The first of a series of lectures before the Young Men's Christian Association, of Somerville, was delivered last Sunday evening to a large audience, by Rev. Samuel H. Virgin, pastor of the Broadway Orthodox Church. "The Harvest and the Laborer," was the theme of the discourse.—*Congregationalist*.

OLD SOUTH PRAYER MEETING.—The 18th anniversary of the Old South Prayer Meeting was observed on Thanksgiving morning, at Park Street Church vestry, H. F. Durant, esq., presided, and read David's exhortation to praise, recorded in the 107th Psalm. The annual report was then read by Deacon Blanchard, who mentioned with kind and grateful remembrance the earnest words and deeds of some who had been active in the earlier days of the meeting, but who are now resting from their labors. For more than seven years, hearts burdened for the salvation of souls, met and pleaded with God for the outpouring of his Spirit, and in 1855 the answer came. The Old South Chapel in which the meetings were held, became too strait for them, and morning meetings were held, in the Rowe Street Baptist Church, Central, Bromfield Street, Trinity Chapel (Episcopal), the Reading Room of the Y. M. C. Association, in North Street, and in the Seamen's Bethel. For nearly sixteen years the meeting was held in the Old South Chapel, and when that was devoted to business purposes the Y. M. C. Association kindly offered the use of their Reading Room until other accommodations could be secured; and there the meeting is still held every morning from eight and a half to nine and a half o'clock. The report embodied many facts of interest pertaining to the history of the meeting, and was ordered to be printed.—*Congregationalist*.

At a late Sabbath morning service, Rev. H. W. Beecher informed his congregation that the church had reached the conclusion that no infant should receive the ordinance of baptism unless both of the parents were members of a Christian church. He expressed his personal dissent from this decree, but said that he would bow practically to the decision of the Plymouth Church, and would there administer the ordinance only to those little ones who were within the prescribed range. At the same time, he declared that he would feel himself at liberty to baptize children in his own dwelling, or in that of any other person, in those cases where only one of the parents was a professing Christian.

Baptist Church.

MAINE.—From the Minutes for 1863, just out, we gather the following facts:

There are 269 churches, with 19,833 members. There are 152 ordained ministers, and of these 143 are pastors, or stated supplies. The number of baptisms during the year, was 441; and the total additions to the churches, 752; and the removals, 748; leaving the number very nearly the same as last year. 159 churches reported the number of resident members. The total membership of these churches was 13,347; residents, 10,384; showing that 3,013,—very nearly one fourth,—were non-resident. This is an evil that calls loudly for redress all over the country, in all denominations. We believe that the habit of remaining connected with churches at a distance, instead of uniting with one near home, is the means of leading thousands of church members back into the world; and we fear that many pastors encourage this state of things.

The total amount of contributions for benevolent objects reported, is \$19,151. But we see that one church, which reports \$50 for Foreign Missions, and \$183.12 for Domestic Missions, reports \$4,070.23 for "other objects."

MARTHA'S VINEYARD.—The church in Holmes Hole is enjoying a good degree of prosperity.

RHODE ISLAND.—The statistics of the three Associations in Rhode Island are as follows: Warren, 21 churches, 69 baptized, 3,511 membership; Providence, 14 churches, 90 baptized, 2,979 membership; Narragansett, 22 churches, 136 baptized, 3,822 membership. Total, 57 churches, 335 baptized, 9,442 membership. Increase 216. There are 11 churches in the city of Providence, ten of which have pastors.

GENERAL PRIM ON RELIGIOUS LIBERTY.—The *Gibraltar Chronicle* of September 23 mentions an incident connected with General Prim which affords an encouraging view of his character:

"During the short visit paid by General Prim to Algieras, he found time to accord an interview to three refugees, Senores Cabrera, Alhama, and Hernandez, who have been for a long time exiled from their native country on account of their religious opinions. The General received these gentlemen with the utmost kindness. In reply to their remark that their only crime had been that they did not profess the Roman Catholic religion, the General said, 'From this day forth there shall be liberty in our country—real liberty; every man shall be master of his own conscience, and shall profess the faith which seems best in his own eyes. You, gentlemen,' he added, may return to your country by the first steamer, and you are at liberty to enter Spain with your Bible under your arm, to preach its doctrines.'

The authorities at Algieras afterwards sent for these gentlemen, and told them they were at full liberty to stay and carry on their operations in the town, or to go elsewhere freely if they preferred.

NUNNERIES IN SPAIN.—The provisional government of Spain has unearthed many curious statistics having a special interest for taxpayers. It is found that though the number of the convents has been reduced to one half in 1857, the last official census (of 1859) showed the existence of 806 convents, with 12,990 nuns drawing an annual pension amounting to the sum of \$5,900,000 reals. To these convents also belonged 2,174 male officials, chaplains, sacristans, organists, and singers, who divided among them a further sum of 3,921,086 reals. Since 1860 no official census has been taken, to avoid ill-natured

remarks; but it was a notorious fact that the number of these houses was daily increasing up to the time when Isabella went to Biarritz.

The Jesuits, who have been driven from almost every country of Europe, Catholic as well as Protestant, are coming to this country in large numbers. The *Liberté Catholique* says that 3,429 Jesuits are now employed in missionary work, and it seems that of these there are no less than 750 in the United States—including fathers, scholastics and brother coadjutors. Under the laws of this country they are here free and safe in the pursuit of their work.

OUR SOCIAL MEETING.

A brother in North Manchester writes thus earnestly and truthfully:

The prophet speaks of "the abomination that maketh desolate." Aside from the prophet's meaning, we need not go far in almost any community to find an abomination that answers the description. Free rum is the modern abomination that maketh desolate. Last spring a sad case of poisoning occurred in our village, which was the result of loving strong drink. A young man in the act of gratifying his appetite, by mistake took a bottle of corrosive sublimate. He died last night. "At the last it biteth like a serpent," and sometimes the last comes soon. With what gauge shall we measure this enormous evil? Let the haunts of drunkenness, the very bells of vice, give up their secrets as the sea must give up its dead; and we should have a roll like the prophet's, "written without and within with lamentation, mourning and woe." The rum devil reigns its hydra-head almost everywhere. It is an unmitigated evil, threatening to sap the foundations of human society, do troying the peace of thousands of otherwise pleasant homes. "Whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise." O that men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains! When we swallow down intoxicating wine we drink damnation.

"Naked we stand, the sport of mocking winds,
Who join to see our noble nature vanquish'd,
Subdued to beasts."

The time has come for all true lovers of God and humanity to rise and stay the incoming flood. Like Putnam's wolf we shall find the monster entrenched. It will require courage and perseverance to dislodge him. Nor is it a work to be done by proxy; each must enter the arena.

"Courage, my soul, on God rely,
Deliverance soon will come."

In the early days of the Reformation, when the circumstances were somewhat discouraging, Luther was accustomed to say to Melancthon, who was more than timid than himself, "Let us sing the 46th Psalm, and let earth and hell do their worst."

Rev. E. A. Helmershausen utters needed thoughts on

MORAL CULTURE.

Deficient as mental culture manifestly is, there is a much greater deficiency in moral culture. Why this question has not had a higher relative position in all systems of education it is difficult to understand. Doubtless a great majority, if not all, of the failures of the great plans of life might be traced to moral causes. Napoleon's march to Moscow was the great military blunder of his life, while the putting away of Josephine was the great moral crime, from the effects of which he never recovered. "He failed at Waterloo because the Almighty was against him." How fearfully God avenged this great crime is seen in the fact that he died on the lonely rock of the sea, while the blood of Josephine is on the throne of France to-day in the veins of one of the most powerful of modern sovereigns. Napoleon, with Josephine by his side, might have continued to be the great power of Europe, possibly of the world. How all natural beauty pales before the brighter glory of moral beauty. Nowhere else does it shine forth with more glory than in female character. With this inspiration she may well claim to rule the world. This is one of her thrones; amidst its light should she ever dwell.

Rev. H. Moulton, one of the best of the fathers, is as hopeful in his age as he was in his youth. Thus he writes from Stafford Springs, Conn.:

Look for great things in these latter days. I expect the time is soon coming when we shall grasp continents in our faith. I never had such mighty faith that God would convert the world as at present. We can already see the upheavings of kingdoms and false religions. God is in all these movements, uprooting idolatry, shaking terribly the Papal throne and all forms of error. The world must be converted this century. Why, I feel that my feeble prayers are doing more for the conversion of the world than all that I did in my younger days. The great burden of my praying since camp meeting has been for the travail of the church while she is marshaling for the great battle in the conversion of the whole world to God. I think I can see by an eye of faith whole forests bending and falling, while the winds of heaven are sweeping over the deep and driving to the moles and bats, and the gods of the land which Pagan idolatry, Romanism and Mohammedanism have set up.

Bro. T. W. Stearns, of New Bedford, offers a word on

FOUR DAYS' MEETINGS.

May I speak in your columns? You recommend "four days' meetings." They have, doubtless, done great good; but have they not also educated the people and the church to depend entirely upon them for revival? Is it not the almost uniform experience of our ministry that the ordinary means of grace have ceased to save the masses, or even to keep alive the spirit of piety among God's people? The busy seasons of active life go by without religious results. The people wait for the extra meetings. Then some wonderful revivalist is sent for, and the winter's campaign begins. Then excitement calls out the curious; the church wake up to a sense of their responsibility, and a revival commences to be followed by discouragement and relaxation at the opening spring; and oftentimes, as soon as the foreign aid leaves. All this impresses the community that religion is a thing of spasms, that the ordinary pastorate is inefficient; and that what is common and regular is powerless. Is this right? Is it apostolic? Did not St. Paul say, "Now thanks be unto God who always causeth us to triumph in Christ?" And should not the church repeat primitive experience in its continuous history? Would it not be so if she would uniformly "mix faith with what she hears?" We know our food is indigestible unless mixed with the solvents nature provides. Nor can we digest spiritual good without a personal appropriating, unyielding, obedient, and active faith. "My truth—God speaks to me—my bread of life—my waters of salvation;" and thus we eat and drink abundantly, and grow strong to labor for Christ in hearty co-operation with a faithful pastorate. The world would be arrested. They would feel that our religion was real. They would say, "God is with you, and I will join you in his service." Thus the necessity of protracted efforts would be obviated. A great truth would be realized, that our ordinary machinery was the best in the world when fully operated, and when thus put in motion, it is "mighty to save," and a revival spirit would be kept and perpetuated. The pastor's strength would be greatly increased, and it would "please God by the foolishness of preaching to save them that believe." Then when the harvest hour comes, and we would like to make a mighty effort to gather in a greater harvest, the "four days' meeting" will be just the thing to accomplish it. But this extra

means to wake up a dead church is too much like the galvanic action upon a dead body. There may be frightful convulsions, but no real life.

We can hardly agree with our brother that special efforts are useless. Paul, who triumphed in every place, was a revivalist, a visitor, not a pastor. His presence stirred the people and brought about conversions. So were Apollos and Aquila, Silas and Barnabas. Especial means are as clearly appointed and approved of God as the regular. "Four days' meetings" can have done no harm lately, for they have disappeared. Protracted meetings are yet in vogue, and are successful. May the other be revived, and these preserved, and neither interfere except to advance the regular work in the church.

THE FARM AND GARDEN.

Prepared for ZION'S HERALD, by JAMES F. C. HYDE.

Any person desiring information on subjects in this department will please address its Editor, care of ZION'S HERALD.

Full and Winter Care of Stock. Simple feeding and watering stock during that season of the year that they are obliged to be kept in yards and stalls does not constitute care; and as a general thing our farmers neglect to perform the simple but important duties which their farm stock require at their hands. Good feed and clean water are the two most prominent wants; but the good farmer will not only provide these, he will have a warm and comfortable stable; he will furnish a good bedding for the cold nights of winter, and will bestow each day a faithful carding upon his stock, all of which will amply repay him for the time and care thus expended. The usefulness and value of horses and working oxen will also be greatly influenced by the treatment and kind of care which they have bestowed upon them by their owners. Good care, we do not now mean feeding, will prolong the life of animals, and it is in fact the foundation of the science which we term veterinary, for an animal receiving kind care will, as a matter of course, be healthy and in good condition while stock which does not receive this in a fair way to be diseased, and not in a condition to be thrifty. A few words now upon this topic.

Cattle should receive the same treatment now that they have in winter—that is, they should be stabled every night. Not only to be protected from the inclemency of the fall storms and damp nights, but that the urine and manure may be secured from the weather by means of a shed or cellar, and thus greatly added to the quality and bulk of the manure heap. Muck, loam, leaves, &c., may be used for a litter and as an absorbent. Cows, especially at this season, require kind care, a warm stable, wholesome and nutritious food; and such as are with calf should be provided for in a more kindly manner than all this; but one fact should be remembered—a large extra amount of feeding will not make up for a cold stable.

Sheep must be kept from wet as much as possible. Cold rains in the fall months are to be avoided, and they should never be suffered to be out in them. They are liable to take cold, which at this time they may be long in recovery from. Sheep also require to be separated and divided, keeping them in places where the weaker ones may receive extra care, and where better feed can be given them. A little pains and precaution in this respect will greatly promote their comfort, and it may also save the lives of many of the flock.

Horses, perhaps, receive better attention than other stock on the farm, and yet care is often wanting in this matter. They are, it is true, for the service of man, and are given him to perform labor; this labor does not injure them if it is consistent and reasonable. It is the after care which tells on their health and soundness. To drive a horse several miles of a winter evening, and then let him remain in the cold without a protection from the weather, is inhuman treatment; and to stable him after such a drive, without a good rubbing and a warm bedding, is also wrong. Let these things be thought of. "The merciful man is merciful to his beast."—Country Gentleman.

Labels for Trees. At a meeting of the Institute of Technology, held in Boston, Hon. M. P. Wilder made a statement relative to a new method of labeling trees, accidentally discovered by him. In the use of zinc labels, which were the most durable in character, an indelible ink was used; but not having the ink at hand on one occasion, he wrote upon the zinc with a lead pencil. This writing, although it could not be rubbed off when first made, grew more distinct and durable with age, and after several years could not be erased except by scraping.

Dwarf Apple Trees. A dwarf apple tree covered with a profusion of pink or rosy blossoms is as handsome a sight as can be, and in autumn when the fruit is ripe the tree is highly ornamental along with being useful. Dwarf apples may be placed six or seven feet apart each way, so that a considerable number of them will stand on a small piece of ground. If suitable varieties are selected a succession of fruit may be kept up throughout the apple season. The Early Harvest and Sweet Bough do well as dwarfs, and nothing can be more beautiful than a Red Astrachan apple on a Paradise Stock when it is laden with its scarlet and greenish-yellow fruit, which is large in proportion to the size of the tree.

Cranberries on Upland. A correspondent of *The Rural American* says: "My own experience, and that of many others, is proof conclusive that they can be grown successfully and profitably on dry uplands. A clay or loamy soil, that is naturally moist, is the best. Upon such there is no doubt of successful culture. The land should be prepared by ploughing and harrowing thoroughly; rake level, and plant in rows 1-2 feet apart, and one foot in the rows. Hoe the plants as long as convenient without disturbing them, after which, weeding is all the cultivation necessary. The plants are set in spring until the 15th of May; in the fall, from the first of October until the ground freezes. On the pine barren lands of Long Island, they grow to perfection without the usual course of flooding, which so many consider necessary.

Experiment in Feeding Cows. In the correspondence of *The Ohio Farmer* occurs the following:—"I have had 25 cows to milk, and found timothy and wild grass the best. To feed in winter, use shorts, ground oats, shorts and corn meal; shorts make more milk than clear meal; oats ground do better than either; but corn meal with shorts makes richer milk, but no more of it. I have fed potatoes largely; they do tolerably well, but milk a day or two old gets strong. Ruta-baga turnips and carrots would not do for me to make butter from the milk; but of all the roots I ever tried, sugar beet is the best. I heard pumpkins were good to make milk, and tried them. I

had twelve milkers; I divided them; fed six with pumpkins three weeks, and all run on grass alike. Those that had pumpkins gave not a gill more milk than the others, but I believe it was a little richer."

THE RIGHTEOUS DEAD.

JOSIAH L. NEWCOMB died in New York, May 10th, aged 30 years.

Bro. Newcomb was converted under the labors of Rev. D. L. Winslow, and joined the M. E. Church in this place in 1840. He was ardently attached to the church, and gave it his generous support. A few weeks before his death he had a presentiment while yet in good health that his end was near, and expressed his desire to be prepared for the great event. Frequently did he arise at night and pray with his companion, and often on those occasions was made triumphantly happy. During his illness he expressed himself willing to submit the question of life to the divine will; and although death came suddenly at last, it found him, we trust, ready to depart. His end was peace.

East Mansfield, Nov. 12.

R. A. S.

MR. CORNELIUS COOK, of Friendship, Me., died Sept. 9, aged 80 years and 6 months.

Bro. Cook in 1833 found by blessed experience that the blood of Christ could wash away his sins. It was under the labors of Rev. John Cumner that this washing of regeneration took place, and by him was baptized and received into the church, from which time he was an active officer in it until death came. He died of apoplexy. His sickness was short but severe. He was a genial, devout, godly man; his home was a home for the weary itinerant.

Friendship, Me.

JOSEPH KING.

MR. J. HOWARD PAUL died in South Elliot, Me., Sept. 11, aged 28 years.

Bro. Paul was converted and joined the M. E. Church in 1856, and from that time up to the time of his sickness he was faithful and zealous in the cause of the Redeemer. He filled the office of trustee and steward with faithfulness. He was an affectionate husband, and he was enabled to say in his last moments, "I know in whom I trust." We feel that our loss is his gain.

A. COOK.

MR. NICHOLAS BRIGGS died in Warwick, R. I., Sept. 16, in the 84th year of his age.

His dying testimony was that he had no afflictions of the mind, but all was peace. He had been preparing for that hour for many years. He joined the M. E. Church in East Greenwich, R. I., in 1838, and remained a worthy member of the same until his death.

S. A. W.

MR. EBEN BEAN died at Farmington Falls, Me., Aug. 13, aged 81 years.

Bro. Bean experienced religion about thirty-nine years ago, and joined the M. E. Church, of which he remained a member until his death. During his last days he suffered much, but the grace of God wonderfully triumphed, and brought to his mind the vigor, hope and joy of earlier days; and his language was, "Only waiting for Jesus to come—all ready to go with Him"; and thus he sweetly fell asleep in Jesus.

Waterville, Me.

TRUE WHITTIER.

MRS. SUSAN RAY died in Hingham, Mass., Sept. 5th, aged 78 years.

Sister Ray was converted at North Attleboro', in 1837, and connected herself with the church in that place. She subsequently removed to Boston, where she joined by letter the old North Russell Street, now Grace Church. She afterward removed to Hingham, taking her church relationship with her, and joining the society of the M. E. Church of that place, where she remained a faithful, consistent member of the body of Christ till her death. She was devotedly loved by all who knew her, a firm friend, a faithful monitor, and an unflinching advocate of the cause of temperance, which she considered as next in importance to that of religion. She died suddenly. She was found ready, for she was only waiting, as she said a few days before, for the boatman to take her over the river to the mansion that Jesus had prepared for her.

S. A. TANTILL.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, Nov. 22, by Rev. J. E. Riley, Wm. H. Vickery to Miss Camilla Allen, both of Boston.

In Chelsea, Nov. 20, by Rev. W. F. Mallison, Walter C. Huntress to Miss Carrie M. Jefferson, of Charlestown; Nov. 22, Joseph W. Sawyer to Miss Maria Smith, of Chelsea; Nov. 23, John E. Brown to Miss Carrie Duffie; Nov. 24, Henry H. McKenney to Miss Laura Anna Russell; Dec. 3, Robert A. Cobb to Miss Genera S. Rich, of Truro.

In Greenfield, Dec. 1, by Rev. Samuel Tupper, Capt. George W. Potter, jr., to Miss Louisa L. Wardell, all of Greenfield.

In Holliston, Dec. 3, by Rev. E. S. Best, Edward T. Rawson to Miss Maria A. Wheeler, both of Holliston.

In Marlborough, Nov. 19, by Rev. A. A. Mudge, George B. Lewis, of Salem, to Mrs. Sarah A. Randall, of M. D.; Dec. 1, Albert P. Morris to Miss Emily G. Sweet, both of M. D.; Dec. 3, William H. Dooliver of East Boston, to Miss Carrie A. Fitch of M. D.

In Weymouth, Dec. 3, by Rev. E. Nason, Henry D. Smith to Miss Mary A. Lonsell.

In Fall River, Nov. 26, by Rev. J. D. King, D. O'Brien King, son of the same, to Miss Susan E. Perkins, both of Fall River.

In Milbury, Nov. 6, by Rev. E. S. Snow, Thomas Haskell to Miss Caroline Brand, both of Northbridge; Nov. 24, Lewis Smith to Nancy P. Snelling; in Northbridge, Dec. 2, Wm. Elliott to Louisa Lee, both of Sutton.

In South Haverhill, Oct. 21, by Rev. L. Hammond, Anna Ellis to Miss Emma F. Nickerson; Nov. 1, Wm. Barnes to Miss Clara E. Small; Nov. 28, Nathan Nickerson to Miss Rebecca Garban, all of Haverhill.

In Milbridge, Me., Nov. 28, by Rev. A. B. Lunt, Albion W. Foster to Miss Mary J. Brown, both of M.

In Winslow, Me., Nov. 28, by Rev. D. M. True, Timothy Reynolds to Miss Anne Webster, both of Winslow.

In Harrington, Me., Oct. 31, by Rev. E. Brackett, Capt. Nathan M. Hammond, of Gainsboro', to Miss Jennie M. Lord, of Centerville; Nov. 23, Charles E. Strout, of Harrington, to Miss Emma S. Fickett, of Milbridge.

In Sweden, Me., Nov. 25, by Rev. A. H. Witham, Albert W. Smart to Miss Eliza A. Whitehouse, both of Sweden.

In Farmington, Me., Dec. 3, by Rev. R. H. Sylvester, John E. Greenleaf, of New Vineyard, to Miss Hattie M. Wade, of Farmington.

In North Manchester, Ct., Dec. 3, by Rev. J. E. Hawkins, Thaddeus R. Carter, of South Windsor, to Miss Mary A. Thrall, of North Manchester.

In Bethlehem, N. H., Nov. 26, by Rev. J. H. Knott, John E. Daly to Miss Laura E. Bingham, both of Bethlehem.

DEATHS.

Mrs. Sarah H. Jackson, one of the oldest members of Chestnut St. M. E. Church, Providence, R. I., died Oct. 11. Her long life was a beautiful illustration of sweet, unobtrusive, uncomplaining saintliness. Her end was perfect peace, and her memory is like precious ointment poured forth.

Harriet E. Marden, wife of Henry W. Marden died in Jefferson, N. H., Oct. 21, in her 72d year. For a little more than fifteen years Sister Marden has been an esteemed and useful member of the M. E. Church in this place. She was truly a sincere Christian, a loving companion, and a kind, indulgent mother, possessing a faith in Christ that never wavered. She bore her last sickness, though somewhat protracted and severe, with Christian fortitude, and when death came she joyfully committed herself into the hands of the Redeemer, and passed on to her reward in Heaven.

Jefferson, Nov. 12.

J. H. K.

In Malden, Oct. 5, Sarah Robert Cox, wife of L. Melville Cox, and daughter of Rev. Joseph and Mary W. Smith. The sudden removal of this beloved sister has caused deep affliction to a large circle of relatives, and has made a profound and lasting impression on the church of which she was a member. She was deeply impressed with the importance of religion in her early childhood, and constant in her private devotion. At

eighteen she joined the M. E. Church in Haverhill, under the pastorate of Rev. C. R. Harding. So unexpected was her death that no words were exchanged with her friends relative to her hopes of heaven. Yet they doubt not, from all the Christian lowliness of her life, that death was but the messenger of God to introduce her to the perfect felicity of his kingdom.

T. B. S.

CHURCH REGISTER.

HERALD CALENDAR.

Penobscot Valley Ministerial Association, at Orland, Me., Dec. 21, 22 and 24.
Portland District Ministerial Association, Jan. 18.
Ministerial Association, at Monmouth Centre, Me., Jan. 18.
Rockland Ministerial Association, at Damariscotta, Me., Monday Evening, Jan. 18.

QUARTERLY MEETINGS.

CONCORD DISTRICT—FOURTH QUARTER.

January—2, 3, Groveton and Stark; 9, 10, Lancaster and Jefferson; 15, North Haverhill; 16, 17, North Monrovia and Lyman, Rev. T. Carter; 18, Haverhill; 1 P. M.; 20, Pelton; evening; 21, 24, Laconia and East Sanborn; 25, East Haverhill; 30, 31, Bethlehem.
February—1, Switzwater; 5, Suncook; 6, 7, Fisherville, Rev. E. Adams; 8, 9, Canaan; 10, 11, Southwick; 16, Moultonboro'; 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244, 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 267, 268, 269, 270, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276, 277, 278, 279, 280, 281, 282, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287, 288, 289, 290, 291, 292, 293, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300, 301, 302, 303, 304, 305, 306, 307, 308, 309, 310, 311, 312, 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320, 321, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331, 332, 333, 334, 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 350, 351, 352, 353, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364, 365, 366, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 372, 373, 374, 375, 376, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 382, 383, 384, 385, 386, 387, 388, 389, 390, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400, 401, 402, 403, 404, 405, 406, 407, 408, 409, 410, 411, 412, 413, 414, 415, 416, 417, 418, 419, 420, 421, 422, 423, 424, 425, 426, 427, 428, 429, 430, 431, 432, 433, 434, 435, 436, 437, 438, 439, 440, 441, 442, 443, 444, 445, 446, 447, 448, 449, 450, 451, 452, 453, 454, 455, 456, 457, 458, 459, 460, 461, 462, 463, 464, 465, 466, 467, 468, 469, 470, 471, 472, 473, 474, 475, 476, 477, 478, 479, 480, 481, 482, 483, 484, 485, 486, 487, 488, 489, 490, 491, 492, 493, 494, 495, 496, 497, 498, 499, 500, 501, 502, 503, 504, 505, 506, 507, 508, 509, 510, 511, 512, 513, 514, 515, 516, 517, 518, 519, 520, 521, 522, 523, 524, 525, 526, 527, 528, 529, 530, 531, 532, 533, 534, 535, 536, 537, 538, 539, 540, 541, 542, 543, 544, 545, 546, 547, 548, 549, 550, 551, 552, 553, 554, 555, 556, 557, 558, 559, 560, 561, 562, 563, 564, 565, 566, 567, 568, 569, 570, 571, 572, 573, 574, 575, 576, 577, 578, 579, 580, 581, 582, 583, 584, 585, 586, 587, 588, 589, 590, 591, 592, 593, 594, 595, 596, 597, 598, 599, 600, 601, 602, 603, 604, 605, 606, 607, 608, 609, 610, 611, 612, 613, 614, 615, 616, 617, 618, 619, 620, 621, 622, 623, 624, 625, 626, 627, 628, 629, 630, 631, 632, 633, 634, 635, 636, 637, 638, 639, 640, 641, 642, 643, 644, 645, 646, 647, 648, 649, 650, 651, 652, 653, 654, 655, 656, 657, 658, 659, 660, 661, 662, 663, 664, 665, 666, 667, 668, 669, 670, 671, 672, 673, 674, 675, 676, 677, 678, 679, 680, 681, 682, 683, 684, 685, 686, 687, 688, 689, 690, 691, 692, 693, 694, 695, 696, 697, 698, 699, 700, 701, 702, 703, 704, 705, 706, 707, 708, 709, 710, 711, 712, 713, 714, 715, 716, 717, 718, 719, 720, 721, 722, 723, 724, 725, 726, 727, 728, 729, 730, 731, 732, 733, 734, 735, 736, 737, 738, 739, 740, 741, 742, 743, 744, 745, 746, 747, 748, 749, 750, 751, 752, 753, 754, 755, 756, 757, 758, 759, 760, 761, 762, 763, 764, 765, 766, 767, 768, 769, 770, 771, 772, 773, 774, 775, 776, 777, 778, 779, 780, 781, 782, 783, 784, 785, 786, 787, 788, 789, 790, 791, 792, 793, 794, 795, 796, 797, 798, 799, 800, 801, 802, 803, 804, 805, 806, 807, 808, 809, 810, 811, 812, 813, 814, 815, 816, 817, 818, 819, 820, 821, 822, 823, 824, 825, 826, 827, 828, 829, 830, 831, 832, 833, 834, 835, 836, 837, 838, 839, 840, 841, 842, 843, 844, 845, 846, 847, 848, 849, 850, 851, 852, 853, 854, 855, 856, 857, 858, 859, 860, 861, 862, 863, 864, 865, 866, 867, 868, 869, 870, 871, 872, 873, 874, 875, 876, 877, 878, 879, 880, 881, 882, 883, 884, 885, 886, 887, 888, 889, 890, 891, 892, 893, 894, 895, 896, 897, 898, 899, 900, 901, 902, 903, 904, 905, 906, 907, 908, 909, 910, 911, 912, 913, 914, 915, 916, 917, 918, 919, 920, 921, 922, 923, 924, 925, 926, 927, 928, 929, 930, 931, 932, 933, 934, 935, 936, 937, 938, 939, 940, 941, 942, 943, 944, 945, 946, 947, 948, 949, 950, 951, 952, 953, 954, 955, 956, 957, 958, 959, 960, 961, 962, 963, 964, 965, 966, 967, 968, 969, 970, 971, 972, 973, 974, 975, 976, 977, 978, 979, 980, 981, 982, 983, 984, 985, 986, 987, 988, 989, 990, 991, 992, 993, 994, 995, 996, 997, 998, 999, 1000.

N. B. Will the pastors see to it that their own reports and those of the stewards and trustees are as carefully and fully prepared as circumstances will allow?

L. D. B.

DOVER DISTRICT—FOURTH QUARTER.

December—Milton Branch, 19, 20, Derry, 26, 27, A. M.; Londonderry, 27, P. M.
January—Salem, Pleasant St. 3, 4, A. M.; Salem, 4, P. M.; Lawrence, Garden St. 3, 4, A. M.; Haverhill, 10, P. M.; 11, Methuen, 10, eve.; North Salem, 10, P. M.; 12, P. M.; 13, South Newmarket, 10, 24, A. M.; Newmarket, 24, P. M.; 25, Great Falls, High St., 20, 31, A. M.; Main St., 31, P. M., Feb. 1.
February—Rochester, 5, 7; Dover, R. S. Stables, 5, 7; Raymond, 10, 21, A. M.; Fremont, 31, P. M.; Epping, J. A. Steele, 21, 22; Chester, 27, 28, A. M.; Candia, 28, P. M.
March—Greenland, 6, 7, A. M.; Portsmouth, 7, P. M.; 8, Hampton, 13, P. M.; 14, 15, P. M.; 16, Amesbury, 20, 31, A. M.; Salisbury, 21, P. M.; 22, Kingston, 27, 28, A. M.; Danville, 28, P. M.; 29, J. PIKE.
April—Exeter, 3, 4.
South Newmarket, N. H., Dec. 4.

CLAREMONT DISTRICT—FOURTH QUARTER.

December—South Acworth, 30; Lempster, 31.
January—West Unity, 1; Grantham, 2, 3, A. M.; Croydon, 3, P. M.; Newport, 8, 10, P. M.; Sunapee, 9, 10, A. M.; East Washington, 11, 11 A. M.; Antislip, 11, eve.; Peterborough, 12, 1 P. M.; 11, 12, eve.; Fitzwilliam, 13, P. M.; 16, Richmond, 14, 1 P. M.; 15, J. Fawcett; Gilsum, 16, 1 P. M.; Marlow, 16, 17; Keene, 19, 24; Marlborough, 23, 24, A. M.; Winchester, 29, 31, P. M.; Hinsdale, 30, 31, A. M.
February—Chester,

A. L. BRYANT & CO.,

NEWSPAPER
ADVERTISING

AGENTS,
334 WASHINGTON STREET,
BOSTON, MASS.
OUR LOCAL LIST FOR BOSTON ADVERTISERS

composed of
22 PAPERS,
In the Suburban Towns,
Offers prices at the following low rates, which defy
competition.

12 Lines,	\$18 00
24 Lines,	30 00
36 Lines,	36 00

Extra terms for longer Advertisements, or for continuing a longer time.

Advertisements inserted in all the Lists of other Agencies.

ADVERTISEMENTS, MEDICAL.

ADVERTISEMENTS WRITTEN.
EDITORIAL NOTICES OBTAINED
A first copy of paper furnished to Advertisers.
ESTIMATES GIVEN FOR A SINGLE PAPER.

GIVE US A TRIAL !
We Aim to Please !

We can give low rates, from the fact that our expenses are less than half that of other houses doing the same business.

☞ We cheerfully call attention to the Advertising Agency of A. L. Bryant & Co., of this city. Although recently established, we learn that this firm is doing the largest business (with a single exception) of any advertising house in New England. We commend them to Newspaper publishers, as well as business men everywhere.—*Boston Post.*

Dec 17 2t 317

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY'S
COLLECTIONS OF CHURCH MUSIC

FOR
Choirs and Singing-Schools.
THE TEMPLE CHOIR, by THEODORE F. SEWARD. Assisted by Dr. LOWELL MASON and WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.
Price.....\$1.50.

This was the last book in this department upon which Mr Bradbury was engaged. It extraordinary sale is evidence that it is the most popular book of its class issued for many years. Already it has reached its *Sixtieth Thousand*. It is the only book upon which Dr. Mason and Mr. Bradbury were jointly engaged, as authors. It is very full and complete in all its departments, embracing the fullest variety for Singing

SCHOOLS, CHOIRS, and SOCIETIES. It contains a much larger number of Tunes than other new books, and is sold at as low a price.

THE KEY NOTE: BY WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.
Price.....\$1.50.

A very complete and popular book, rich in Mr. Bradbury's compositions.

THE JUBILEE. BY WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.
Price.....\$1.50.

This is the most famous book of this very popular author. It has had a sale of over 225,000 copies, and he himself regarded it as his best work.

THE SHAWM. BY WILLIAM B. BRADBURY and GEO. F. ROOT, Assisted by THOMAS HASTINGS and T. B. MASON.
Price.....\$1.50.

Either of these books will be sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of the price. Published by

Dec 17 36

MASON BROTHERS,
No. 536 BROADWAY, New York.
No. 154 TREMONT ST., Boston.

HOWE

Family and Manufacturing
SEWING MACHINES,
Manufactured by H. P. Howe, New York.
F. W. NICHOLS & CO.,
General Agents for Massachusetts,
No. 1 Court Avenue, first door from 87 Washington

AGENTS WANTED.

Our New Family Machine is unsurpassed for all

Family uses. Also, for Tailoring, Dress and Cloak
Making, and Shoe Fitting.
24 Dec 17 4t 377

Elegant Christmas Presents,
Suitable for
MINISTERS, S. S. SUPERINTENDENTS,

S. S. TEACHERS, S. S. SCHOLARS,
PARENTS, CHILDREN,
AND EVERYBODY.
THE SABBATH AT HOME,
A N Illustrated Religious Magazine for both

As old as young; should be in every family. Price \$2 a year. Specimen copy ten cents. Bound volumes for 1897 and 1898, \$5 each, or either bound volume and the year's subscription for \$12.95, \$4.25. Splendid premiums for new subscribers. **SUBSCRIBE NOW!**
Published by the American Tract Society. Address, **SABBATH AT HOME**, 164 Tremont St., Boston.
Dec 17 It

THE BEAUTIES AND MYSTERIES OF NATURE.

UNFOLDED AND EXPLAINED.

The times are pregnant with startling events; old isms, theories, and fallacies are fast disappearing beneath the gigantic wheels of progression and human development. Change is written, with the iron finger of time, upon all matter, seen and unseen, material and spiritual. That mighty, omnipotent Power that fashioned the stupendous orbs that revolve in the immensity of space, created all things in wisdom and purity. The majestic ocean, the deep-blue sea, the beautiful earth and all things therein contained, were planned and created by virtue of that universal law of harmony whose power holds sway over all. Intelligence is manifested in all created things, both great and small; the tiny insect, the beautiful butterfly, and God-like man, are each endowed, according to their kind, with that intellect or intelligence ordained by Him who "doeth all things well."

Wisdom, justice, and love are the three great standard-bearers whose sumptuous hands meet out to each individuality that measure of Divine universal law, designed by that mighty mind, who fashioned alike noble man in his own image, and all lesser created things. The beauties and wonders of nature never cease to the progressive human mind; eternal progression is written with the unerring finger of Deity upon all. The theme of human life is the journey from the sweet incense to all who, like angels of mercy and goodness, are ever busy, ever ready to devise means for the alleviation of human woe, and the prolongation of life. The unceasing march of individual and national progress is alone due to the bold and fearless thinkers and actors upon the stage of mundane life. The stern exigencies that confront and imperil the gigantic minds of all countries cannot awe or swerve them in the part of duty and power.

The magnetic will wielded by such geniuses carries the fire of ambition and flame to the homes and hearts of the people. Representative and leading minds are found in all branches of the sciences and arts, men who have the welfare and happiness of humanity in view, in all their doings. Think you there is an enviable position, without stern obstacles and perplexing cares? Far from it, the noblest of the nectar of happiness for others, in peril of that deadly pain, envy and revenge; and every step they gain is planted on a prostrate enemy! Thus is life! Thus its woes, perils, and uncertainties! Nevertheless, the hand of the sage and philosopher is ever ready and outstretched to save, sustain and uplift mankind, in their beneficent wisdom and goodness. The mighty fact has in all countries and in all time, past and present, been recognized, that he who has done most to benefit his fellow-man is the man who most deserves the noble name of benefactor. Who, we would inquire, can do more to elevate and relieve mankind than the true physician, — the healer of the afflicted and diseased in both mind and body? Without sound bodies, the human soul is but a spark of Deity, floating on the brink of eternity, without an anchor or a beacon light to arrest its onward career. Disease and death now hold carnival throughout the land; suffering humanity calls loudly for the "Balm of Gilead," whose subtle, mystic power can heal and save from wreck and ruin. A saving and skillful hand may be found, ready to administer to the suffering at all times. Dr. R. L. Hamilton, at his grand ideal emporium, where thousands, from all countries and all climes, have received the healing balm for every ill.

THE WORLD PROGRESSES.

NEW DISCOVERIES.

In "Harper's Monthly Magazine," for February, 1888, may be found a PROSE BY R. LEONIDAS HAMILTON, M.D., whose discoveries in reference to

LIVER, LUNG, AND BLOOD DISEASES.

are now attracting the attention of the whole medical world, and whose success is carrying joy and relief to thousands.

Dr. Hamilton wishes it distinctly understood that his discoveries in reference to the above diseases have not been made in one month or one year. More than two hundred and eight thousand patients have been under his care for the last twenty-five years; and his investigations in reference to his valuable remedies have cost an immense outlay of time, money, and careful watching of patients. He was once the victim of lung and liver disease, and confined to his bed for six months; and his father, mother, brothers, sisters, and other relatives had all fallen victims to consumption. (See "Harper's Magazine," as above.)

By discoveries, mostly his own, and an almost superhuman will-power, he rallied, and then resolved upon the life-mission of restoring others. His whole thoughts, studies, travels, professional friendships, botanical investigations, and immense observation of diseases, have been devoted to the ONE OBJECT of an entirely new, superior, and successful treatment of the LIVER, LUNGS, and BLOOD.

First of all in importance, in his discoveries, are his now well-authenticated theories in regard to the functions of the Liver and Liver Diseases, and the office of the Liver as a Great Blood Purifier. Another discovery developed the fact that disease of the lungs and blood are mostly induced by disease of the liver. Next followed his discovery of most efficacious and valuable Vegetable Remedies, — so valuable and original, that not only have so many thousands of the people been restored to health, but physicians are constantly under his treatment, or send for his remedies for their own families.

His well-attested cases of liver diseases, lung diseases, blood diseases, and diseases of the kidneys, bladder, spine, stomach, and other organs, are now well known all over the United States and Canada, the West Indies, Europe, Mexico, Sandwich Islands and in many of the commercial and missionary settlements in every part of the world.

Dr. Hamilton's valuable discoveries consists mainly in his having perfected a combination of Remedies which are PURELY VEGETABLE, and are perfectly safe in any case, no matter how delicate the constitution or feeble the person may be; in fact, having stood the test for years, it is positively proved that they cannot fail in any case to cure where there is sufficient vitality left in the system to respond to the specific action of any human agency whatever. So many thousands have been saved by their use, after every thing else had been used in vain, these natural remedies may with safety be looked upon as prescriptions in the full sense of the word. For the benefit of the sick, who may wish to know positively when they have derangements of the Liver, of more or less severity, a combination of the usual symptoms found in such cases will be found below.

SYMPTOMS OF LIVER COMPLAINT.

A sallow or yellow color of the skin, or yellowish-brown spots on the face and other parts of the body; dullness and drowsiness, with frequent headache; bitter or bad taste in the mouth, dryness of the throat, and internal heat; palpitation of the heart; in many cases, a dry teasing cough, with sore throat; unsteady appetite; sour stomach, with a rising of the food; and a choking sensation in the throat; sickness and vomiting; distress, heaviness, or a bloated or full feeling about the stomach and sides, which is often attended with pains and tenderness; aggravating pains in the sides, back, or breast, and about the shoulders; colic pains and soreness through the bowels, with heat, constipation of the bowels, alternating with frequent attacks of diarrhea; piles; stammering, nervousness, coldness of the extremities; rash of blood to the head, with symptoms of apoplexy; numbness of the limbs, especially at night; cold chills, alternating with hot flashes, with delirium, low spirits, unsociability, and gloomy forebodings, and, with ladies, female weakness and irregularities.

DISEASES CAUSED BY LIVER COMPLAINT.

The human system, the most perfect of all the works of the Creator, is so constituted, that it is entirely healthy, it must throw off the waste, worn-out, and poisonous materials, as fast as it takes on new materials from our food and drink. The food is assimilated, and made into nourishing and healthy blood, principally through the offices of the stomach, liver, and lungs. The worn-out materials are mostly excreted by the liver, lungs, and kidneys; but all medical men have heretofore failed to recognize the vast importance of the liver as a blood purifying and excreting organ. The most learned German physiologists, who base their assertions upon actual experiments only, state that the amount of BILE which should be manufactured by the liver and poured into the intestines each day is two and one-half pounds. All persons interested to know this fact, and the experiments to prove it, may consult *Verhandlungen der Naturforschenden Versammlung, Leipzig, 1852*; or they may resume these facts in Prof. Dalton's Physiology.

Remember one thing more: The bile is something more than the natural phlegm at the bowels, as has heretofore been taught by eminent medical men. The bile is mostly made up of the waste matter of the blood, and it is this waste matter, and not the bile itself, that is the cause of liver diseases. If the liver does not make this bile, and pour it into the intestines daily, it remains in the blood as a poison. It poisons the blood itself, and circulates, as irritating and poisonous matter in the blood, to every organ in the system.

The blood, poisoned with the daily accumulated excess of bile, returns from the liver to the heart, and the nerves of the heart are affected, and we have an oppressed feeling at the heart, and palpitation; and, if this case is long continued, we get chronic irritation, and, to every organ, and morbid nutrition of the heart, developing many forms of Heart Disease.

Just so with the lungs. The bile-poisoned blood goes from the upper and right cavity of the heart to the lower cavity, and thence directly to the lungs, circulating in the blood through the most delicate tissue of the lung tissues are poisoned and irritated; and they invite the scrofulous humors of the blood, because they are thus irritated. Hence Consumption, which is local scrofula, so defined and proved by *Logan* and all the most scientific authors. The lungs try to oxygenize and purify the blood, and they do it in a great measure; but they are overworked and irritated, and you smell the blood-poisoned matters in the man's foul breath. Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma, Nervous cough, and Consumption itself, are the results, and the liver has done its duty, — made and excreted that bile, — the lungs would not have been diseased.

Just so with the BLOOD itself. It goes from the lungs back to the upper left cavity of the heart, thence to the lower cavity, and thence through the arteries and capillaries to every organ and tissue of the system. Among the most important of these organs are the kidneys, furnishing the urinary secretion, — a most important excretion. But the kidneys themselves are irritated and congested by the poison of the blood-poisoned blood, and they become diseased. Every one who has had liver disease knows that the urine is scanty, high-colored, and loaded with red deposits, at times, or other diseased products. Hence, diseases not only of the kidneys, but also of the bladder.

But this is not all. The liver, from the poisonous blood goes to the BRAIN, and effects the great electrical centre of all vitality; and the brain, stimulated by unhealthy blood, cannot perform its office healthfully. The person has dizziness, headache, incapacity to keep his mind on a subject, cannot remember, has a crowded and dizzy feeling in the head, becomes nervous, gloomy, easily irritated, and often has bilious or a neuralgic headache.

And the BLOOD itself becomes diseased; and, as it forms the sweat upon the surface of the skin, it is irritating and poisonous to the person. The skin is discolored brown spots, pimples, blotches, and other eruptions, sores, boils, carbuncles, and scrofulous tumors.

Disease of the Liver itself is the most common of all diseases. The sudden changes of the New-England climate, the malarial influences of the West, and the heat also of the South, as well as the dietetic habits of the people of this country, and other causes, all tend to develop the Liver disease, in one of its varied forms, throughout the United States. This is true both of men and beasts, as every butcher knows that he finds the livers of cattle, sheep, and swine diseased ten times where he finds any other organ diseased once. Almost every person is bilious at some time, and many are constantly bilious. It may be mere congestion of the Liver, and tend to the malarial influences of the West, and the heat also of the South, as well as the dietetic habits of the people of this country, and other causes, all tend to develop the Liver disease, in one of its varied forms, throughout the United States.

This is true both of men and beasts, as every butcher knows that he finds the livers of cattle, sheep, and swine diseased ten times where he finds any other organ diseased once. Almost every person is bilious at some time, and many are constantly bilious. It may be mere congestion of the Liver, and tend to the malarial influences of the West, and the heat also of the South, as well as the dietetic habits of the people of this country, and other causes, all tend to develop the Liver disease, in one of its varied forms, throughout the United States.

By years of research, and that practical experience which is the result of testing his treatment in so many thousands of cases, Dr. Hamilton is able to treat all those diseases which result from the Liver Complaint with remedies which will strike at the root of the disease, and bring it to its natural state of health.

By them the Liver and Stomach are speedily changed to an active, healthy state, the appetite regulated and restored, blood and secretions thoroughly purified and enriched, and the whole system renovated and built up anew.

Please read the following, and see who are cured.

CONSUMPTIVE CASES.

Mrs. Catharine Anderson of Southampton, Bucks County, Penn., writes, "Your medicines have worked wonders in my case. Previous to taking your remedies, I had consumed with three different physicians, all of whom pronounced my disease consumption, and incurable. God-liver oil and different kinds of syrups were taken in great quantities, but to no purpose. I was confined to my bed for six months, coughed continually, and raised great quantities of matter. My throat was swollen out nearly even with my chin, and my sufferings were most intense. I had not taken your medicines more than one week before I found great relief; my cough was much loosened, and I breathed with greater freedom and ease. My appetite was better, and I felt that a new life had opened before me. I owe my very existence to your great skill and invaluable remedies."

PLYMOUTH, Marshall Co., Ind., Feb. 23, 1867. PRO. E. L. HAMILTON: Dear Doctor, — Through the helping hand of an all-wise God, I consider you my life and health preserver. Were it not for the medical treatment received from you, I feel assured that I would have been in my grave. I think it has been about two years since I have taken any medicine, and my health has been better since I used your remedies than it has ever been in over ten years. The bleeding at the lungs, and the long train of other complaints, of which you cured me, were pretty good tests of your skill and treatment, which proved to be a success. My friends were greatly surprised at my speedy recovery; and the doctors had to give it up, and acknowledge that there was no "quacking" in the case. Every one about here who has tried your remedies has been greatly benefited by them; and I can most cheerfully recommend them to all who are afflicted with disease. A friend of mine has informed me that your medicine was of more benefit to him than all he had ever taken. Hoping that you may live long to heal the afflicted and suffering, and knowing that you will ever have my well wishes and esteem, I am, with much respect, JANE C. TUTTLE.

CASES OF LIVER COMPLAINT.

It is with much satisfaction that I invite particular attention to the following voluntary statement of the eminent divine and missionary, the Rev. A. A. Constantine, recently located in the interior of Africa: No 90 FULTON-ST., NEW-YORK CITY, April 21, 1868. DR. R. LEONIDAS HAMILTON, No. 546 Broadway. My Dear Benefactor, — A sense of duty impels me to say, that your medicines have done for me what no other physician has been able to do. I have been a sufferer for many years from diseases contracted while laboring as missionary in Africa. Last fall, I was declining fast, and had all the symptoms of quick consumption. I applied to you for help. You remarked, "Before I put through with you, I will make you feel several years younger than you have ever felt since you left Africa." I thought but little of that, as I had often received similar assurances from eminent physicians, both here and in Europe; but, in less than two weeks, all my symptoms were entirely changed, and my health and strength improved very fast. In a few weeks, I found myself in the enjoyment of better health, and able to perform more labor, mental and physical, than at any previous time since I left Africa. May God bless you in all your researches in his great laboratory, and make you his agent in restoring thousands to health! A. A. CONSTANTINE.

WHY WILL THE AFFLICTED DOUBT WHEN SO MANY ARE SAVED?

Mr. Edwin P. Gady of Lyons, N.Y., writes, — "I deem it my duty to write to you, and let you know the success of your medicines in my wife's case. She had not rested day or night, for three years; and some of the time I did not expect her to live through the night. When you wrote you could cure her, and I felt much faith, but thought it my duty to use all means in my power to save her. She used your medicines as directed; and the result is, that she is now WELL, and doing the work for life in the family. From such marvellous success, I have unbounded confidence in your ability to cure chronic diseases, and now beg leave to lay my own case before you."

NORTH EGREMONT, Berkshire Co., Mass. Nov. 1, 1867.

DR. HAMILTON, Dear Sir, — I was troubled for some years with liver complaint and bilious colic, which at times was so severe that I longed for death to end my misery. Last September I was taken down so low, my friends thought there was no help for me, and said I must die. My suffering was more than I can tell. I employed one physician after another, without experiencing any permanent relief. At last, reading of your wonderful cures in *The Independent*, I concluded to write to you, stating my case as correctly as possible, and received your answer that you could cure me. I therefore ordered the medicine my friend still dealing, which was taken as directed, and after taking it two or three days, I began to gain, and now feel quite well, having worked at my trade (carpenter and joiner) for some weeks past. I confidently recommend all afflicted as I was to place themselves under your treatment; for I am convinced you understand your business, and can do what you claim. Yours truly, CHARLES POTTER.

NEW VIRGINIA, WARSAW CO., Iowa, Feb. 21, 1867.

Prof. R. L. HAMILTON, Dear Doctor, — I commenced taking your medicine last spring, and feel that it has cured me. I was the most miserable looking being you ever saw when I applied to you for treatment. I was as yellow as a pumpkin; had pains in my head, breast, back, side, and shoulders, with soreness in the bowels. Nothing that I ate went down with me. I had constant diarrhoea, and my limbs seemed almost lifeless. I was gradually sinking. The doctors and every one else who saw me gave me up to die. But through the kind mercy of Almighty God, and your medicine, I have been restored to health.

Your remedies relieved me in three days after I commenced taking them, and I continued to improve rapidly until cured. Were it not for them, I think I would have been long ere this in my grave. I cannot sufficiently express my thankfulness to you for the great and lasting benefit I have received by the use of your medicines. Yours, with respect, MRS. NATHANIEL HYLTON.

RHEUMATISM—THE PEOPLE'S GUIDE.

ELBA, GENESSEE CO., N.Y., Feb. 27.

Prof. R. L. HAMILTON, Dear Sir, — I feel that it is due to you, as well as to all persons afflicted with disease, that I express my gratitude to you for the great benefit which I have received from the use of your medicines. For some fifteen or twenty years, my life was in a very bad state, and my whole system was generally debilitated. I had been troubled with dizziness of the head so badly, that at times it was difficult for me to stand upright; and I had a blindness periodically, with a continual headache. My feet and hands were cold and lifeless, and for about a year I had been greatly afflicted with inflammatory rheumatism. When I commenced taking your remedies, I could not close my hands or raise them to my head. While in this condition, I saw your advertisement in a newspaper, giving the names of all the diseases which I had, and of these symptoms, was, therefore, induced to write to you, and state my case. I did so, and received your reply. I was sensible of the fact, that, unless I had help soon, there would be none in my case. In view of this, and by the advice of a friend, I ordered a package of your medicines, and took them as you directed. In two days I was very much relieved, and continued to mend. I sent you the money, and received a second package; and before I had taken all of it, I felt well. In about three weeks, I gained twenty pounds of flesh, and felt the vigor of youth. I had not felt that before in twenty years. Physicians here said I never could be cured of rheumatism; but it is now four years that I have not been troubled with it. I am now fifty-four years old, and am able to labor hard every day. I have reason to thank God that I learned of you, for the cure of my case was a remarkable one. I can most cheerfully recommend you to the afflicted, and have on several occasions done so. Many of my acquaintances have been under your treatment, and been entirely cured by your remedies. Truly yours, M. HOLLISTER.

GENESSEE COUNTY, N.Y., Feb. 27, 1867.

Sworn to before me this 27th day of Feb., 1867.

H. STILLWELL, Justice of the Peace.

IMPORTANT CASE OF EPILEPTIC FITS.

Read the following evidence of what my treatment has done in a case of this disease, hitherto considered incurable:

BUCKHART, Ill., Oct. 13. DR. HAMILTON, — My wife was afflicted with fits for ten years, attended with great spinal and nervous debility. She doctored with several physicians, but all to no purpose. I read one of your circulars, and was so impressed with your new and simple theory of disease, that I determined to try your remedies. As you know, we sent for your remedies, which, with the help of God, have completely and permanently cured her. She has not had a fit since; her back is strong, and her general health and strength have returned. As every attack she had was severe than the one previous, it is reasonable to suppose

she could not have lived long, but for the timely interference of your wonderful skill. To God be the praise; for so speedily and miraculously have your remedies worked, that I can but recognize you as an instrument of Divine Power, rescuing my dear companion from a terrible death. Words can but inadequately express my gratitude and joy. I wish you to publish this, and spread it far and near. I deem it my solemn duty to all afflicted with this you have cured me from the liver complaint and the true physician; and, if any doubt the authenticity of this, let them write to me: I will satisfy them that it is all true. May God's blessing attend you in your efforts for humanity's good! JOHN S. SHARP.

"HER STORY IS SOON TOLD"—A CASE OF PILES CURED.

Carrie E. Phillips of Middletown Centre, Susquehanna County, Penn., after making application for a friend of hers, adds, — "As for myself, my story is soon told: I am well again, thanks to the Lord and your medicines! I believe you have saved me from an untimely grave! I have cured me from the liver complaint and the piles. My sufferings from the latter disease (includ, I believe, to the former), were intolerable. I cannot express my thanks to you, for what you have done for me, and the prompt attention and solicitude you manifested while doing it. God will be your rewarder. If I, or any other of my friends, are sick again, you will hear from us."

ANOTHER APPEAL TO THE INCREDULOUS.

So well knowing the general custom of the American people to denounce all advertising physicians as "Humbbug," without knowing any thing at all in regard to their merits, in addition to the numerous and wonderful testimonials from some of the thousands who have been cured by me, I publish below the names and addresses of a few reliable persons who know me well as a man of integrity and a reliable physician. Any one desiring can call and consult any of them, or address them by letter on the subject.

Benjamin Berry, Mattawan, N.Y.

Alexander Hughes, Poughkeepsie, N.Y.

John Proper, Watford, N.Y.

Allice J. Palmer, New Milford, Conn.

Thomas B. Slingerland, Rome, N.Y.

Charles Carroll, Attorney-at-law, No. 63 Liberty-st., New York City.

Timothy Cronin, Attorney-at-law, 161 Broadway, New York City.

J. M. Emerson, No. 83 Nassau-st., New-York City.

J. Van Slyk, Stationer, No. 2 Broad-st., New-York City.

Norval M. White, Clerk in New-York City Post-Office.

F. Dennstadt, M.D., No. 266 Broome-st., New-York City.

G. D. Smith, M.D., Gettysburg, Penn.

Dr. Palmer, No. 79 Fourth-av., New-York City.

William B. Betts, Newark, Conn.

Edwin Burlingame, Troy, N.Y.

S. O. Gleason, Druggist, Troy, N.Y.

Harvey Wilcox, Ridge Mills, N.Y.

The Hon. E. G. McCreary, Gettysburg, Penn.

G. W. Lord, Attorney-at-law, No. 65 Liberty-st., New-York City.

S. S. Street, M.D., Margaretville, N.Y.

S. S. Parker, Alabama, N.Y.

J. Jackson, Broker, No. 137 Broadway, New-York City.

Chas. Van Benthuysen & Sons, State Printers, Albany, N.Y.

Joseph Anderson, 51 Adams-st., Brooklyn, N.Y.

Riley Merrill, Sandford, N.Y.

Daniel Edwards, Oregon, N.Y.

Martin Decker, Rockland, N.Y.

Burr Wilson, Rockland, N.Y.

Marvin Kimball, North Branch, N.Y.

Thomas Colby, Mooreville, N.Y.

Thomas Fitch, M.D., Prattville, N.Y.

J. W. Parmenter, No. 9 Spruce-st., New-York City.

A. B. Sands & Co., Druggists, No. 141 William-st., New-York City.

Wm. Youngblood, No. 81 Nassau-st., New-York City.

Renatus Bachman, Chemist, No. 188 Fulton-st., New-York City.

John B. Van Etten, Attorney-at-law, Kingston, N.Y.

Oscar Hamilton, Stamford, N.Y.

Henry Biers, Chicago, Ill.

Joseph Palmer, New-Hamburgh, N.Y.

Rev. Ira Hugg, Pointville, N.J.

Rev. Wesley Quinlan, West Sand Lake, N.Y.

Coolidge & Adams, Druggists, No. 108 Joln-st., New-York.

Alexander Robb, No. 63 Liberty-st., New York City.

J. Tilliston, Clerk in New-York City Post-Office.

E. Harman, Gettysburg, Penn.

SUFFERING READER!

If you are afflicted with any chronic disease, throw aside, for once, any preconceived, erroneous notions in regard to an advertising physician, who gives ample evidence of his skill and integrity.

REMEMBER ONE THING!!!

READER! Do not think that you cannot be cured because you have tried other remedies. Let it be distinctly understood that many of my remedies are known only to myself, for many of them are discoveries of my own, and are compounded according to my own reason and extensive experience with the sick.

All sick persons must remember, that, if they wish to be put upon a course of treatment which will cure them, they can write me their present symptoms plainly; or patients can mark the symptoms they have as above published. I can, in every instance, prescribe for them just as well as though I saw them, for I have constantly thousands under my treatment, in various parts of the world, whom I never see, all of whom I cure as speedily and safely as those I see in person; in fact, some of the best cures ever made I have perfected in cases I never saw.

All I wish to know, in any case, is the most prominent symptoms, and they can just as well be written to a physician, and he can treat the case as easily as though the patient were present.

Please write to me at once, all you are afflicted and I will answer you promptly, and to the point, and state fully the facts as they appear, and whether you can or not be saved. Do not give up, even though your family physician has done you no good, for I have saved thousands after all hope had fled and the grave was near. The wisdom and goodness of a just Providence will not withhold the noble means for the salvation or happiness of his suffering and erring children. I can, in every instance, send a specific reply to your letter, always enclose ten cents — postage must be paid in advance. I am always in attendance, and attend to all cases in person, and the afflicted public may rely upon my responsibility, and that they will be dealt with justly and honorably.

Have no hesitancy in writing to the Doctor, and state to him your case in full, and he will deal honestly and promptly with you. All letters to him must be addressed thus:

R. LEONIDAS HAMILTON, M.D.,

No. 546 BROADWAY,

Care of Post-Office Box No. 4,952, New-York.

The number of the Post-Office Box must be put on each letter to insure safety.